

שְׁלֹמֹה







BRANKSOME HALL
10 Elm Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
M4W 1N4

SLOGAN '82

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PEOPLE

The image features a minimalist, abstract design. The background is a light cream color. A series of parallel diagonal bands, in shades of light gray, medium gray, and dark charcoal, cut across the lower half of the frame from the bottom left towards the top right. The word "PEOPLE" is printed in a bold, black, sans-serif, all-caps font, positioned diagonally within the light gray band. The overall composition is clean and modern.

ALLISON

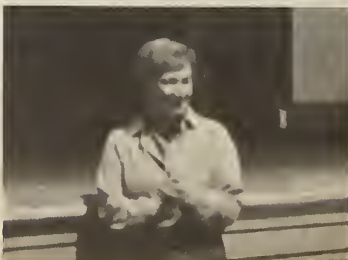
As I write these few words, it is early in the new year and so my remarks are influenced not only by events of this fall and part of the winter, but also by a few hopes for the future.

We are a traditional school moving into the uncertain but exciting decade of the 1980's. We wear a uniform which has not been changed for over forty years at a time when uniforms are generally unpopular, however much the recent preppy craze may have updated us sartorially. I have always seen Branksome as a community to which those who love it may always belong and the uniform as uniting those of us who attended many years ago with the present girls and with those of the future.

It helps us to see ourselves as a community, not in any way suggesting uniformity or, worse, minds that conform. May this continue to be a school where individuality is important, where increasingly the special talents of the individual are fostered and held dear, where not only mathematical ability is recognized and rewarded but also the special, sometimes disturbing, outlook of the artist, where the outgoing can find expression but where the introspective person also has a respected place. May we be critical and demanding of ourselves without losing our spirit and very good sense of fun.

With demanding standards, originality and spirit in mind, I have been impressed with much that has happened this year - the effort put into the Carol Service by both Junior and Senior Schools and the dignity with which the girls conducted themselves, the way the "Kilt Press" has managed to stir us up to reply to their editorials, the cheering section a hundred strong at the Bishop's Cup, our good standing at debates, the ingenuity shown in morning announcements and skits, the novelty of prefect's prayers, the grade 7 French play which the students wrote themselves, the material chosen by the prefects for the Remembrance Day Service, the leadership shown by Clan Chieftains on both sides of Mount Pleasant, and the events throughout the year which girls have contributed to with care, time and their own imaginations.

Allison Roach



ALISON



As September 7, 1981 drew nearer it brought with it feelings of anxiety, excitement, anticipation and reluctance.

What did this coming year have in store for us? For some it was a new school with customs that take a while to adapt to and classrooms that take a century to find. For others it was one more step up the ladder to graduation. But for all of us it was a year full of spirit. The interest and enthusiasm from everyone was something to remember. At the Bishop's Cup Bransomites filled the stands while at the Father-Daughter Dance Branksome fathers filled the gym. The kettle never stopped whistling the afternoon of the Mother-Daughter Tea and neither did the teachers when they outplayed us all in performing their Christmas skit. This attitude was very encouraging, especially for the prefects, as it made their task so much more enjoyable and rewarding.

The warmth and friendliness that I have always associated with Branksome was present during my stay in MacNeill House. This experience and all my years at Branksome are memories that will remain with me always.

Alison Wiley

ENGLISH



LANGUAGES



HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY





SCIENCES

FINE ARTS



MATHEMATICS



PHYSICAL EDUCATION



BUSINESS & FAMILY STUDIES



GUIDANCE



OFFICE STAFF



THE STAFF

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Mrs. D. Watson, Mrs. M. Roe, Mrs. K. Levitt, Miss S. Kenny, Mrs. N. McRae, Miss A. Roach.

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Mrs. A. Strangway, Miss S. Bell, Miss L. Perrott, Miss A. Blake, Mrs. A. Zommers, Mr. V. Zambrano. Absent: Mr. G. Rabbior.

Languages

Mlle J. Bayly, Mme E. Olson, Mme J. Berka, Mme M. Markes, Mrs. A. Blake, Mme H. Stoddard. Absent: Mlle D. Aucouturier.

Mathematics

Mrs. A. Gray, Mr. J. Ball, Mrs. M. Tuer, Miss E. Baker, Mrs. J. Shaver, Mrs. K. Proctor, Miss J. Riggin.

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Guidance

Mrs. A. Bedard, Miss B. Healey.

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PREFECTS

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Karen Taylor
Ingrid Taylor
Kathy Stinson
Julee Robertson
Jenny Pitman
Mary Morden
Simonetta Lanzi
Kelly Hawke
Heather Harwood-Nash

Martha Dingle
Gwen Baillie
Heather Allen
Julie Allan

Head Girl
Grade Prefect
Head of Communications
Grade Prefect
President of Beta Kappa
President of Ophelio
Head of Intramural Activities
Editor-in-Chief of the Slogan
Sports Captain
Photography Editor of the Slogan
Assistant Junior School Liaison
Grade Prefect
Residence Prefect
Grade Prefect
Junior School Liaison





MARY

Intramural Sports is the elaborate name for the clan system. The clans compete in a wide range of activities which, in turn, generate an incredible amount of school spirit. In my nine years at Branksome, I have seen an increasing growth in the spirit of the clans. Every year it becomes stronger and stronger. This spirit could not be possible without a good group of leaders.

This year's clan chieftains are a great group of gals. Few people realize the amount of time they put into organizing activities for the school. Many clan activities have become so popular that they naturally have become tradition. Good examples of this are activities such as Baking Contest, Cross-Country Run and the competitive sports such as basketball and volleyball.

I think Branksome will continue to see the growth of a strong clan system which is one factor that makes Branksome so unique.

Mary Morden
Head of Intramurals





CLAN CHIEFTAINS



A The Strong who have been saying nothing would like to say something - Spirit, Spirit we have got! Sarah Teskey, Douglas (Jamais Arriere)

B Hailed by critics the world over as this century's definitive clan on spirit and enthusiasm . . . Yea, Ross! Janice Wright, Ross

C Surpassing all previous records - Scott has really outdone itself this year - from the basement to the penthouse. Suzanne Long, Scott

D Enthusiasm Strong - We're headed for number ONE! Julie Fergusson, MacLean

E Snap, Crackle and Pop forever . . . Kellie Leman, McLeod

F "Nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm" (Emerson) and Campbell has the most . . . Martha Wilson, Campbell

G Never before have I seen such enthusiasm and participation. Sensational! Stephanie Toro, MacGregor

H An outrage! Positively divine clan! Yet to be surpassed. Rock on, McAlpine. Tory Russell, McAlpine



THE EDITORS

Branksome has always been a school of traditions. Even the uniform, the clans and the old buildings reflect this quality. This is not to say, however, that Branksome never changes or that progress isn't a part of the Branksome tradition. Renovations and additions to the physical make-up of the school have constantly been made, particularly in the past few years. Within the school there are additions of new clubs and organizations, according to the changing expectations, beliefs and originality of the incoming students.

Perhaps the most recent example of progress and tradition at Branksome came with the "infiltration" of computers two years ago. This year, computers became a true part of Branksome life. A computer course and club were started, both equally popular in the school and actively representative of today's society.

Perhaps indicative of the advent of computers in our lives at Branksome is their inclusion in the design of our yearbook. We have used special computer writing throughout the Slogan for continuity, but more traditional layout for balance.

The SLOGAN is divided into eight sections, to give some order and organization. I hope that this won't detract from the unity felt by us at Branksome. The Activities section is dedicated not only to the clubs of the school, but also to that which makes this year different from every other: the people. We have used numerous candid pages throughout the book to show these people in action. After all, a picture IS worth a thousand words!

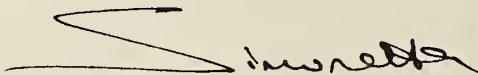
Since we live in a country of many languages and cultures, and since BHS welcomes all of them, we have included a very small representation of different languages in the Arts section under "Multilingual." We hope this section will grow to include many more languages in the future.

Our link with the outside world is "Inside-Out." We have scattered a few new layouts in the SLOGAN which we hope will be especially indicative of this year.

Special thanks for all the work, cooperation, ideas and late nights that go into creating a SLOGAN, go to the SLOGAN Staff: to Mrs. Roe and Mrs. Gray for all their advice and cheeriness; to Heather and Michelle for having their cameras as best friends throughout the year; to Susan and Karen for their artistic eye in layouts; to Meribeth for keeping her fingers nimble by typing; to Martha and Sloane for keeping the book going on the business side; to Susie for her willingness and wit; and to Julie and Leslie. The final words of thanks must be to Mrs. MacGregor, our Staff Advisor, who kept me going and on whose help, confidence and unending support we were always able to rely.

"A good yearbook is one which appeals to the majority of the people for whom it is designed." We hope the SLOGAN will appeal to you and trigger a few memories in the future.

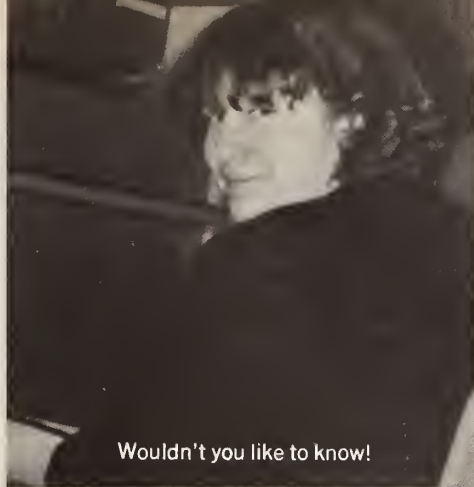
Remember the good times.







What do you think I am? (no comment).



Wouldn't you like to know!



How do you spell "relief?"



Hi Sim!!



What's wrong with my hair?

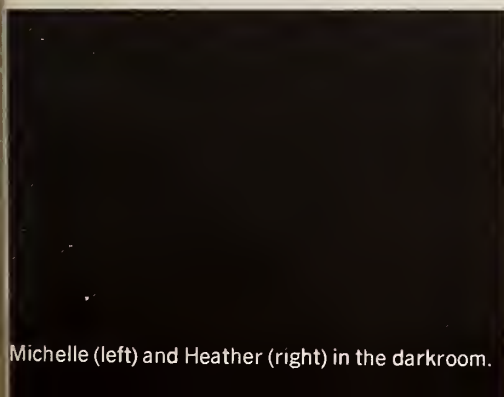


I did it all right!

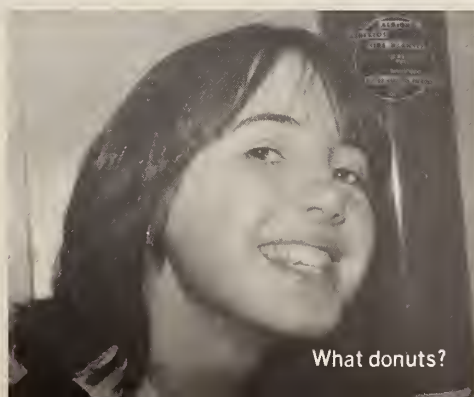
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Cultivating the roots



Michelle (left) and Heather (right) in the darkroom.



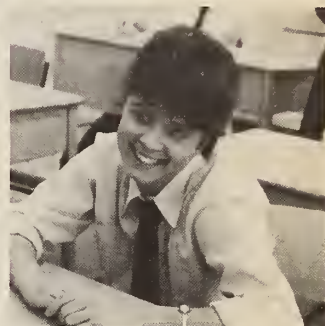
What donuts?



Go away Heather!



GRADS



GRADES



JULIE ALLAN: 1969-1982.

MacLean

Junior School Liaison. Activities: Synchro, Swim Team, Climbing the overpass, Being noisy. Memories: Bucko, Jaws, Muskoka, Mrs. Hay, landing in bushes, The Palace, Wrong again MB! My Robbie, CRC, P.S.: Thanks Jen, thanks for everything BHS. "Laugh and let the whole world think you're crazy!"



HEATHER ALLEN: 1977-1982.

McAlpine

Prefect, Past Clan Chieftain Memories: Sutton Place, Book Reports, S.T. cottage, Underground garage, Skits (Gladys Knight and Preps), Basketball, Volleyball, Nail polish. Good friends - MR, TT, VL, ST, and Mrs. B. It's been fun but I'm glad it's over. Peace!



CHRISTIE BAILLIE: 1977-1982.

Campbell

Lud Sir Peter! Have these 5 enlightening years! LORT (my books), Hello Bruce, Star Wars, Simon, Cons, Asterix, Elfquest, Muppets, our Fellowship, dot, Music Club, Choir, Guitar, Hobbitology, B/W Wars, Hol, epeondub, spongebrain, D. and D., Pinky. Thanks Robin, Sky, Elizabeth, Mel, Cynthia, Kel, Merry. Namárië!



GWEN BAILLIE: 1976-1982.

MacLean

I consider myself in nothing else so lucky as in a soul remembering my good friends. - Shakespeare. Thanks Branksome for making good-bye so hard!





LISA BEER: 1978-1982.

Let me not pray to be sheltered from dangers but to be fearless in facing them; Tagore. Memories: JP and the roof and for always being there, Michelle my roomy, Bonnie my loyal friend, Jen for helping me out through rough times, outback, Gwen's, Caird's imagination, Beth, Shawna, Rachel my little sister, thanks BHS, bye.



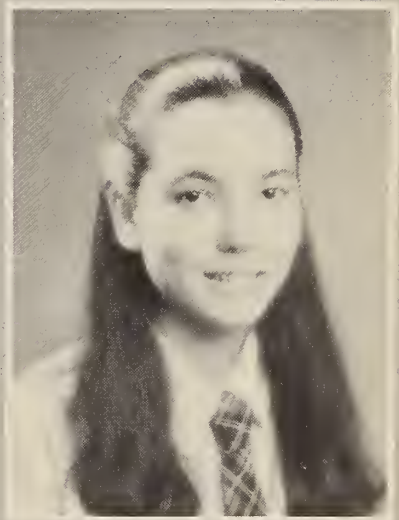
MICHELLE BLUNDELL: 1979-1982.

MacGregor
I seek the truth.



CAROL BREBNER: 1976-1982.

Ross
Never forget: Tini's farm, igloos, chalk fights, choir trips, amazing JA, NY and KH and SQ, cabaret, roses from ER, C. Atkins alias AK, 53, The Stones, Hollywood party, another diet? Cens Terrible Trio AC, AD, CB. Always in my heart CO "The struggle alone pleases us, not the victory."



AMANDA BRIGHTON: 1981-1982.

MacLean
Memories of a great year - truck parties, metro basket weaving, Mindy and the K.K. Nigh's, coffee, go Sky go - to name but a few. It's been short but fun. Thank you Branksome.



KATHRYN BULEYCHUK: 1977-1982.
 Ross
 Beta Kappa VP, Cabaret, Showcase, Choir, "I'm on a choir trip" Mont. Pathfinder, art! Theme parties, gone skiing! "Chuk," New York, "Chalk one up!" BSS records with KH and MM. BB ski team. "Catch a wave!" "I will be what I will be and I will do what I will do!" H. Prather "Food!"



LESLIE CATALANO: 1977-1982.
 Campbell
 Leslie who? - sis, I luv u, 'cuse me - bestest friend MG, Bucko, Carrolle, P (Concord) = 1, seriously, Nice 80 - Monok, Sparkles, SWAT, gun, kinky, anon PB, ridiculous, file it under R, indecision, are you high? "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."



MARGARET CATHERS: 1978-1982.
 Scott
 Basketball, tennis, badminton. Memories: Fulford at TCS, Newman, losing the common room, little shepherd at carol service, Mariposa, typing with Dena, "Turtle" and the "snail," "Neish'd." You get out of life what you put into it. Thanks Branksome!



EDITH CHANG: 1980-1982.
 Scott
 Library duty (fun!), P (concorde) = 1, morning Economics (zzz...), two years boarding: cowbell every morning, secret Santas (thanks!) decorating party (house spirit), caterpillar. Thanks SL, RH, SM, Ms. B. "Behold how good and pleasant it is for sisters to dwell together in unity." Thanks BH.

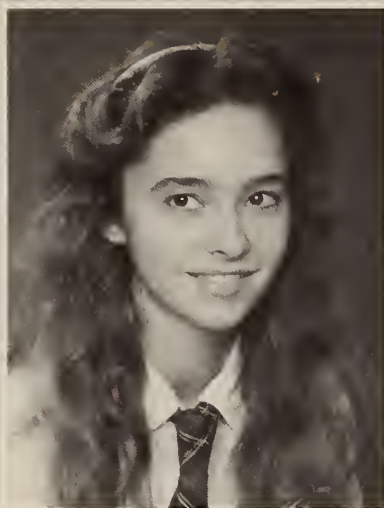




SARAH CHISOLM: 1966-1967, 1974-1982.

MacLean

Mems.: Jube, Poohbear, Royal, P.'s, \$'s, Shampoo, G. and J., Coatracks, Que., OOJ, Gremlins, MO, Nodes, Toby's, Squad, Gay L's Law, Sunburned kids, Piggings, URL, Key, Car trunk, Igin. Aaah! - "Fasten your seat belts. It's going to be a bumpy night." - Bette Davis. Yawh!



ANDREA CHLEBUS: 1976-1982.

McAlpine

Paris, St. Anne, Florida, Collingwood
Memories of yesterday! The bridge club, Summerhill - YB, Mojos, Catbites Signif Beaver, Muskoka, TM and JA, SQ, CB, DS, KH, JT. Thanks a million! Long Live the Kingsway and "The Gutless!" "There's another good-bye says another good friend" Keith Richards.



SHAENIE COLTERJOHN: 1980-1982.

Campbell

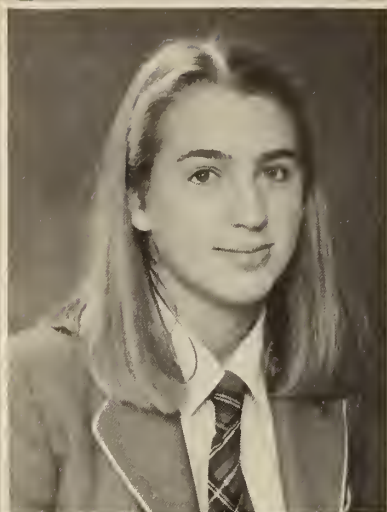
Memories: Outback, Hours is the S.M., Pizza, Breakfast (I've heard it's good), A lot of laughing, R. and C. in the S.M., H.K.'s in the kitchen, Frustrated friends. Thanx to Mary (Kitten), Michelle, Lisa, Leslie, Caird, etc. To be young is to be happy, to be happy is success. Thanx Branksome, thanx Mom and Dad.



ANEETA DAYAL: 1969, 1976-1978, 1980-1982.

Campbell

Memories: Poison ivy, morning jags, food, major probs. and sticky sit, Anji, Hi there! Stairway to Heaven, Shorty, India, imaginary guitars. Good friends and good times. "I live my life tearing down the runway. Sure to get the hang of hanging in there someday." The Who.



MARTHA DINGLE: 1980-1982.
Campbell
Grade Prefect, Swim Team, X-country, Soccer, Sailing, Tennis. Memories: The OO's, Spying, Horns, Donuts, PBC, Stay. K. and M., I'd even do his homework! L.H., My sister?! On board, The study. "It is astonishing how high and far we can climb in mountains we love." J. Muir. Anyway, it's been great!!!



ANDREA DODS: 1976-1982.
Ross
Soccer! Sundays at the library?! Mojo, Signif, Collingwood, # 53, CRESCENT! Europe '79, St Anne, The Stones! Formals, ME parties the best! Special friends AC, CB, JA, DS, KH, SQ, TM. Muskoka forever . . . Hollywood, eh Chlebe? CC, 6 great years. Thanks for the friends and memories, Branksome.



SUSAN DONAHUE: 1978-1982.
McLeod
Slogan Lit. Ed. and Furniture Mover, Wind the with Gone, Cracker Jacks and Root Beer, JBH's, Mama J. and Tuna, Fric or is it Frac? Heathcliff, Bonjour Michelle, OMGIG! "Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run." Mark Twain.



KATHY DOUGLAS: 1978-1982.
Douglas
Memories: Friends, lunches "I'm on a diet," "do you want your lunch" B and R and Muffins, parties, concerts, skiing . . . MA falling, KS exhausted, tennis AW or south? Donuts and Champagne, food fight in NY; shower caps, "oops" I slept in . . . the memories go on and on . . .





VICTORIA FORBES: 1980-1982.

Ross
"SNOW!" Lake Placid, Tobogganing, Skiing! NY. NY. Mop races, limins, Photo club. "EY MAN!" Wlend parties in residence. Roomies: Ruth, Mindy, and Sky (REALLY!) yes "NAH!" HA! Thanks Mum, Dad and to all my great friends and West Indian buddies for two wonderful years at BHS!!!



MARY GAYNER: 1976-1982.

Douglas
... Sincerely, Giggle, Giggle, Dock talks, talks with bestest friend LC, no. 1/3 loser, are u frustrated? I luv u! Meow-woof, Toby's chats, SWAT, indecision! Y'a know what LH, V. Convo's with MG! It's always here It's always there It's just love and miracles out of nowhere... CIAO.



ANNE LOUISE GENEST: 1975-1982.

Douglas
Alumnae Rep., Drama, Debating, X-country (Rinda), Soccer; Rolling Stones and G. Dead in one weekend - my greatest memory. "Just like Mary Shelley/Just like Frankenstein/You break your chains, count your change, and try to walk the line." Robert Hunter.



MICHELE GOODMAN: 1975-1982.

MacGregor
"A faithful friend is a strong defence. and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure." Thanks to Cathy, Caird, Gwen (our future Roman Polanski), MG and RM. Thank you to Mom and Dad. Au revoir BHS.



PATRICIA HALL: 1980-1982.
 Scott
 "For every end there is a new beginning."
 Squat'n, Z.S. and F. on girls weekends,
 Popcorn lunches, Prawtons, James.
 Cousins, Turtles and Eternities!!



HEATHER J. HARWOOD-NASH:
 1975-1982.
 Bruce, McLeod
 Prefect - Jr. S. Assist Liaison, Photog.
 Ed.: Que./DC/Ott, Lemmings, Camelot!
 S. and H. Wannado, Timber eh Ju? Top
 Hat and Tails, Sis, Math again KB?!
 Rice Krispies, LLU! DGCLMS, Bacs!,
 "The great thing in this world is not so
 much where we stand but in what
 direction we're moving." Thanx FF and
 MD.



KELLY HAWKE: 1976-1982.
 Douglas, Past Clan Chieftain
 Prefect, Sports-Captain. Mems.:
 Teams, Concord, Pain au Choc, GR and
 PH, Bert, Figs of animals, Sinks, Ear on
 Coathook, BSS - MM and KB, Reeses,
 PHG - it's you Mare, Stick, Sailing, Vail,
 Whefton, Nooky, Ah! Tears, Shark,
 Shoelaces, Mo, Spirit Spirit! A friend is
 a rare book of which but one copy is
 made.



KATHARINA HICKL-SZABO:
 1976-1982.
 Grant, Douglas
 School's out! Thank God it's over!
 According to Aristotle the roots of
 education are supposed to be bitter
 and the fruit sweet; Let's hope he's
 right. Special thanks to Mama and
 Papa and all who made it so much fun.
 We're here for a good time, not a long
 time. Bye!





LILI HOLLINRAKE: 1979-1982.

MacGregor
Pres. 13R1, Ophelio Exec. Deb.
Cohead 'xcuse me? Concord, Oreo,
Wabbit, Dallas Parties, Farm, Pool
Bunnies Ow! Can't cope, Y.W. Movies,
Don't be silly you're gorgeous! K1P1
Hérépère, Hysteria! Social Library
Formals, St-G's, Fame, Phone calls
Maman and Papa, Je vous aime!



LESLIE HORE: 1978-1982.

McLeod
Leslie who - sis. MG and Superman in
the PB Frustration! Free but not easy
Parties - Dates Sparkles - Guns Toby's
talks Old friends and new Shush Mar.
Fickle - Problems. If I am not for myself,
who will be for me and if I am only for
myself, what am I? And if not now,
when?



LAURIE HRUSHOWY: 1975-1982.

Bruce, McLeod
Seven long years are finally over!
Memories: Swing Tag, Tea and Cookies,
Martholamop, Comfy, "JJ," Mrs. Hay's
trips, Home for Lunch, Red-haired
angels, Captain of Swim Team, Merry,
Gim, Knitting sweaters. Thanks Mom
and Dad for pushing me on to finish!!
Cheeriooo.



ROBIN HOWELL: 1977-1982.

McLeod
Head Librarian. Roommates, McNeill
Christmas, Green, Math Help?! 2 A.M.
percolator, caterpillar, Mrs. Blake,
Lake Placid, God Bless This Mess.
People: Sky, Chris, Lesley, Andrea,
Amanda, Anita, Ai and Edith. Where am
I going from here? Heaven. To Survive
is to endure; I endure.





KAREN HURRELL: 1977-1982.

McAlpine

Asst. Slogan Layout Editor. Memories: Pathetic, TOMATO, Cencens, Hard to say AD? French? Cindy Chapstick, J. and A. and C. and D., Baskies, goldencows, BIZBUZ SQ? NYC, MSA, Champale, seesaws (we did get 2 big) Thanx PALS!!! (And M. and D.), "The final truth is - There is not truth." P.S.: Love ya Barry!!



LESLEY JUNIPER: 1976-1982.

Bruce, Scott

TV, Loud music, 12 A.M. talks, Black Xmas (SL), phone lines, pizzas, SAC raids, mail? diets! parties, exams UGH! little sisters - Allison, Gina and Tracy, Mrs. Hay's trips, study, BHS and SAC formal, KK's, growing old?! outback, Europe, seeing yrs. fly, "Go straight ahead; you can't dodge destiny." Bye BHS.



DENA KYPREOS: 1981-1982.

Scott

My First (and Last) Year at Branksome will be memorable. It's a great school with great people.



SKY LAMOTHE: 1978-1982.

Scott

Ciel, Sky Busy, Food, Procrastination, Enthusiasm? Fire drills, Parties, I feel lucky, Room Service, I Need that, Lake Placid, Expect P., 2 A.M., I'M NOT POLISH! Library W/Robin, Spare Coffees, and Many Thanks to Roomie RH, VF, MWG, CB, SM, MP, Carol, MM, AB, EC, AL, ACT, LJ AND Espec. THE THOMAS!!





SIMONETTA LANZI: 1976-1982.

Fraser, Campbell

Prefect, Slogan Ed-in-chief, choir, debating, writing club exec. Provs, Montreal, 1/2 muffin, formals, S. Santa, KL, SM, decisions, laughs, MY, LH, skis, skates. Essays, teachers, "me, study?" FunWOW: Guy, Talks, late nights, panic, dreams, deep friendships. Branksome. Thanks for 6 unforgettable years!!



CATHERINE LARKIN: 1978-1982.

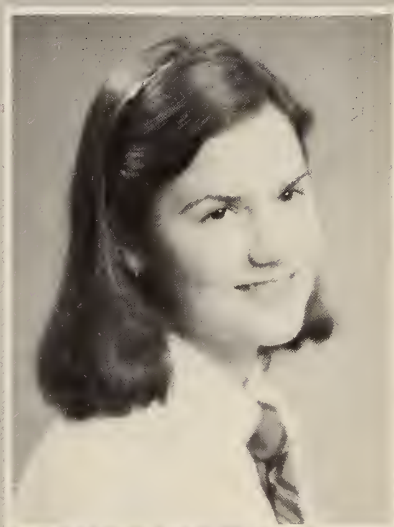
"Can you understand that in every person there's a need to unwind that's never been defined." - Heep memories: Ophleo-Choc. almonds, Beta Kappa. I think I'm allergic to morning, Donut world - two scoops of sugar - Kells! Jen AC - thanx SAC and Dave. Ugly don't grow beautiful KIT! Miss ya! Thanks James for now.



NANCY LAWSON: 1975-1982.

Douglas

Memories: Trips, surprise parties! father-daughter dance, J.R., Queen, Baskin and Robbins, G.H., Skylab, Ingrid, Samantha, Sally, are you with me girls? "What are you talkin' 'bout boy? I have never let my schooling interfere with my education." Mark Twain.



CECILEIGH: 1981-1982.

MacGregor

Work and worry have killed many, so why take a chance? - But seriously, Branksome's a real opportunity - it's been a steal. Memories: Food, food and more food, new friends, dinner parties, phoning R., sweaters, turtle treats twins obnoxious.



NANCY LEONARD: 1979-1982.

Douglas

Memories: Hayrides, T.'s cottage, GB, in the Navy . . . Wed. nights, gas caps, h'ry-lobes, squat'n, haircuts, 7:01, men, popcorn, pig outs, bread, taxi service, cruising, you? Hi! How are ya? The terrible foursome, special friends, MR, CD, LS, SP, K. and I., NM, JZ, XXOO, the 5th and FINAL thanks M. and D.



ANITA LIN: 1980-82

McAlpine

Special Quality: "Absent-minded" Member of the Library Committee. Fond Memories: Lake Placid, New York, Ainslie, MacNeill, the gorgeous caterpillar, Christmas decorating party, thanks to my special secret santa, eyelash, Mummie Robin, Grandma Ski and many, many others.



SANDRA LITTLEFAIR: 1981-1982.

MacLean

Deep within I hear a roar so strong, yet faint engulfing me in its turbulent grasp, WANTING MORE. My short time with all of you will last a lifetime - it's been wild!



VERA LO: 1979-1982.

MacGregor

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it for I shall not pass this way again." But seriously, P (concord) = 1. Thanks LM, LH, MW, SQ, LC, HA, JR, Henry!





LURIE LUPTON: 1981-1982.

MacGregor

'You gotta catch your dreams before they run away.' Best and warmest memories - dinner Parties, Hayrides, Early Morning common room with SQ and MW, ZZB, Knitting Circles 'Concord' 'The Physics Sitting Gang' 'eh?' Plans for University and B.D. Parties.



ANDREA MASTERS: 1981-1982.

MacLean

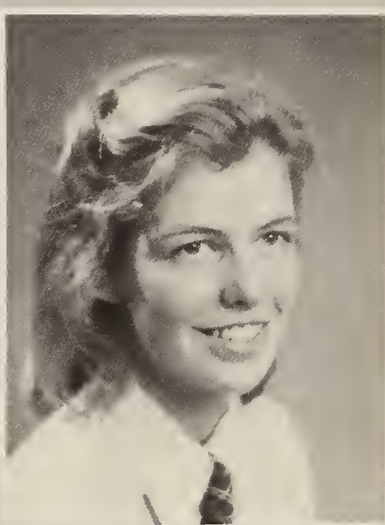
Memories: P (concord) = 1, Lake Placid, Butch, Meanie, Wilbur, Wob-bikins, Wednesday night pepondub, caterpillar, Brideshead. This year has been filled with hard work but also with good times and good friends. Best of luck to all in my graduating class. May they meet with success.



LISA MATTHEWS: 1978-1982.

MacGregor

Pres. 13R2, Choir Exec. Chamber Chr. P (Concord) = 1, Couch, Farm, Dallas Parties, Tiny bubbles, OW! Skating City HI. Formal '81 - D. and M. O.P. Video Caline de Bine! That's just hideous "So it's with regret I tell you now that from this moment on, you're on your own." GENESIS.



KATHRYN MONTGOMERY:

1976-1982.

Robertson/McLeod

Activities: Beta Kappa, past tennis. Memories: Guess what! Bathtubs, NYC, prawtons, caps, P (Concord) = 1! Twiggy, SGC - switchies? T.'s cottage, Colorado with NV! Lessons - rice, ugh! "vineglu" ski wkends, possum, Odessa, many PC's parties, good times and great friends!! Thanks BHS, it's been a slice!!



MARY MORDEN: 1973-1982.
Campbell Past Chieftain
Prefect, Head of Intramural Sports
Swim team, synchro. Something Extra.
... dream, anyway, camps O', out both
doors! BSS records KB and KH, figures
of animals, heads under sinks ears on
coat hooks, PHG stay, new years J and
K and C PB cups, crazy little thing... M
and M's NY, Bonne Chance a mes
amies!!



SARAH MUSTARD: 1978-1982.
Scott
Memories: LP Western UD, MC, ST,
Sean Mt. St A. Basketball lending \$
Doc. body casts, knitting, Vagabond
lunches, pens Virgin Mary, skiing
Thanks SL, RJ, KP, CB, PO, MC, RH,
LS, TH "He that would live in peace and
at ease, must not speak all he knows
nor judge all he sees."



MARGO NESBITT: 1981-1982.
Douglas
Not being here for this, in the S.L.
working? U. of T., Dinner, Doughnut
World, but the good times go un-
mentioned... M.G., S.C., G.B.



PATTY O'CONNOR: 1975-1982.
MacGregor
Memories: The Easter Bunny, the rad
knocker, Florida, Rosseau, tea bags,
"PRIME," too many sisters, a hick?
Pick ups, Mercedes stuck in the snow,
grade 8 foursome, friends from Oak-
ville, all nighters, the swamp, friends
I'll never forget! Special love to Mom,
Dad and Mike!





KATHLEEN PILLEY: 1977-1982.

Ross
Pill, Muff, Mouch.
Memories: 5 yrs. in one city, summer '81, Knitting, Lacoste, Egypt, Stella - yes! The Granite, friends; Dana, Lee, RJ, Sarah, Sky, Robin, Etc. Bermuda, Physical, Prep, Queen's, Matthew, Magog, Dynamic Duo, Talks late at night Thanks Mom and Dad Love, Muff.



JENNIFER PITMAN: 1971-1982.

McLeod
Head of Opheleo. Pinard, Kilamangeros. Let's go to Toby's. More Coffee please. Grapefruited Chemistry, Jaws, Bikes on sidewalks, OA'D Tennis Courts, Flying Lizards, Marble Slabs, Gitanes, Julie, No? Yes? OK? Bye. I once heard it suggested "You must remember he is your uncle" G.M. Young.



SUSAN QUAGGIN: 1977-1982.

MacGregor
Slogan Layout Editor. Memories: The sand pits, beaver, P (Concord) = 1, doughnuts, OA on the tennis courts, PB anon the musketeers, golden cows, tomatoes. Great Friends: KS, KH, AC, AD, LC, VL and the common room gang. Thanks M. and D. "We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures." - Shakespeare.



MERIBETH READ: 1977-1982.

MacLean
Assistant Slogan Editor. Fond Memories: Wooden bowls, mad psychopaths, table bottoms at Sutton Place, darts, speed bumps, 7:01, Bregmans, angora sweaters, gum, HA, CD, NL, NM, SP, LS, ST. Thanks to the XOXO friends who made the years fantastic. XO from me. I'm SOOO happy!



JULEE ROBERTSON: 1976-1982.
McLeod - Past Chieftain
Prefect, Head of Beta Kappa, 14 red tomatoes? Father-Daughter dance, SAC? UCC, the formal, the Moe, "possumed" with MM, francais - "d'accord" pinard and Cote d'Azur with KH, HHN, exams, chemistry, quizzes, subway, pb cups - VL, concord, unlimited memories . . .



PAM ROBERTSON: 1981-1982.
Douglas



RANDI ROBERTSON: 1975-1982.
Scott
Thanks mom and dad, all my friends for the unforgettable years I had at Branksome. Remember? Gum, Western, talking in halls, FLOWER, boarding, "CANCER" knitting - "HELP" DATES? Formals, songs, parties, Ms. Hay's trips, Father-Daughter Dance, X-mas pageant, Florida, haircut??



CASSANDRA RONCARELLI:
1976-1982.
Campbell
Basket, volley, baseball, tennis, 10, 11, 12, past class pres., sleep overs, Que., Wash., Lake Pla., Last Mast. "Spaz," "wabbit," sailing parties, "twins," "maniac," AD, MH, MH, PV, WB, surprise B-days, PG's chalet, "party-hearty," dinner party, though we may be far apart you'll all be close at heart.





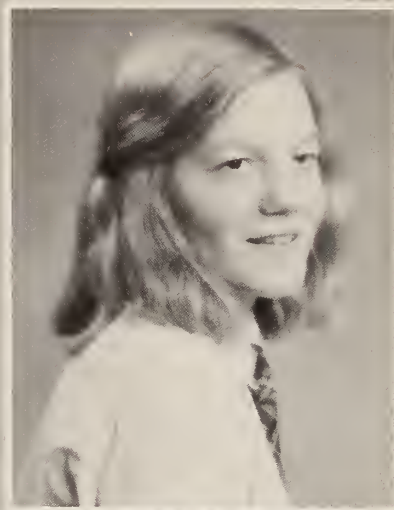
SUSAN SHAW: 1973-1982.

Scott
Past Scott Chieftain
Forgotten RS, Shampoo, Brigs, Club
MC The Squad, NODES, Boobie, Muf,
BBO, An Easter Egg, Quebec 80-81,
coat racks, \$, sunlamps, stargazing,
Mothballs, Ripples, Show-me, Con-
fusion Pooh Bear, YaHH! "Follow every
rainbow until you find your dream!"



DALENE SNYDER: 1978-1982.

Ross
Activities: ETC.
"When this you see, remember me and
bear me in your mind. Let all the world
say what they may, speak of me as you
find." B. Jones. Thanx to everyone who
made anything happen. Here's to the
future, great times, best friends and
true loves.



KAREN EVE STILWELL: 1977-1982.

McAlpine
Cross-Country New York Trip take off!
Memories: Eating birthday cake in 5
minutes, blind dates. Ambition: To beat
the System. Prob. Dest.: A Lum-
berjack's wife. "If I could take you to
heaven that would make my day
complete." A. Cooper. Fond Memories
of the FIVE.



KATHY STINSON: 1975-1982.

Douglas
Grade Prefect. Memories: Baseball,
clan activities Writing Club. Jokes in
the common room. Manager of hockey
team. Stretch and Shorty. "French-
Canadian Please." I'm coming at 8:15.
Special friends Thanks BHS "Smile: It
happens in a flash, but the memory
lasts forever."



ELIZABETH STUART: 1971-1982.

Ross
Lizzy, Liz, 10 yrs. here, gum, tomato juice, Egypt! dances, knitting, Mac pig outs, chocolate chip cookies, soap operas, TCS, Ridley, The Formal, fun times. Special friends: RJ, Pill. Carol services, King, Mary, piano, nice locker partners, spares, STELLA, teachers, thanks Mom and Dad.



INGRID TAYLOR: 1979-1982.

MacGregor
Prefect, Head of Communications, Ophleo, Beta Kappa, class sec., ch. 471, volleyball, Nassau, Caledon, girls wkend, toothless wonder, JT, Stinney, great friends esp. Karen, speedy. Thanks mom and dad. Good-bye BHS, thanks for the memories and 3 amazing yrs.



KAREN TAYLOR: 1979-1982.

MacGregor
Gr. Prefect, Past Chieftain, Swimming, volleyball, Laihoma, toothless wonder, Stinse's chalet, pig out, on board, Booba Mmm, Girls weekend, it's lonely at the top, Pina Colada, special friends KS, NL, KM, LS, TH, HA esp. Ingrid. French Can Wine HOHO. Thanks mom and dad for three amazing years.



AI CHUN TANG: 1981-1982.

MacLean
Eyeball... Eyelash... Aichang... Ai! Inmate of McNeill. Wonderful Memories: Pizza pigouts, door duty, snow, K.K. Christmas party, carol service, Lake Placid, P (Concorde) = 1, nightly gabs, fire alarms, tears and laughter. Thanks pa and ma. Thanks B.H., for an experience of a lifetime.





KATE TRUSLER: 1975-82.

Douglas

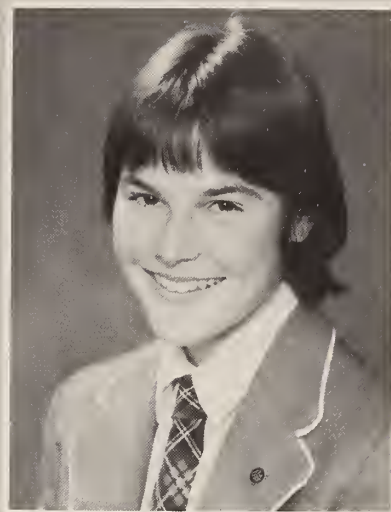
Memories: Bubsy Jen cook; tea, cig. and a chati soup co. chocolate cupcakes, "my whole pack?", seeing clouds AT INST. OF PREF., Mr. Biss, Bizarre, Fran's, 1-1/2 hr. walk home, Ba and her weirdos, Physics "Can I ask a question?", Sutton Place - Sue T. Good Luck J.W., A.C., Thanx Mom and Dad.



NANCI VERNON: 1975-1982.

Grant, Douglas

Memories: Colorado with Twiggs and ride, chocolate cake, grape juice. Wabbit and tiger, Bert, closets and formals. Champagne and Tuso's, It smells like snow, MB click rrr . . . Odessa with Milt, DG, 6 million \$, Haroo Cl Touis, LC, KM, MG, LC, DB, AE.



ALISON WILEY: 1975-1982.

McAlpine, Past Bruce Clan Chieftain Head Girl. Usually Seen: Running or asking questions! Memories: Quebec Trip, Surprise 16th Bregmans, MacNeill, UCC, phooey! Smirtch, water buffalos. To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. - Tennyson.



MELINDA WILTSHIRE-GIBSON: 1970-1982.

Bruce, McLeod

House President - wait - what do I do? Thanks to all from Ely the Raccoon. Friends!!!? VFSLRHABSMS LSCKCMYLSB and CHRMHLDBJA (cup cun mark) Thanks Muffins - I just NEED a muffin! Bon Jour - GEORGE forever. Photoclub. Baby Pillows. W.I. Salt Prunes liming . . . Ave.



AMANDA WORLEY 1975-1982

Campbell

Alumnae Rep. '81-'82

Rah, rah, Marie, General Hospital, Raiders, surprise party, Genesis, Skylab, Never say diet, Annie Hall, Ballet, Linda and Mr. Nicholas. Are you with me? Joey button, J.R. HoJos, Blender Fuzzy. Thanks Huffy "cogito ergo sum."



MARGOT WRIGHT 1975-1982

Douglas

Co-head of Debating, Chamber Choir Lis, lil'Lil n' V, Couch, Genesis, Satisfaction, Raging Bull, formal, Mellowing-out, K1, P1, Video. "Friendship . . . whose comforts in misery are always sweet, whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate." Lilly



MARY ANNE WURTZBURG 1975-1982

McAlpine

Memories: D. Parties, dances with Sally and Samantha. N.Y.: Champagne et donuts, butter, a's jokes, insults, 2 Queen concerts thanks to N, A, fun fights? Annie Hall, lunch and deep talks, Narn, Arm, Karn, Kati, Free me!! "Don't worry smile and dance; you just can't work life out" . . . Pete T



MARTHA YOUNGER 1975-1982

Grant, Campbell.

Newspaper Editor. Slogan Ad Editor.

Memories: Mrs. Hay's History Trips. Orange and Cheeky. "We are the Branksome lassies" Eh comfy? Muffins, Fencing, Father-daughter Dance Tomorrow and tomorrow . . . Smile Mindy. S.A.C.: Good friends, Good times. We made it!!! LH, SL, MG, LJ., TJ, JK. Thanks for the memories Branksome.





GRADE 12



12R3. Stairs: Ruth Bryden, Shobha Chandiramani, Sue Chlebus. Back Row: Diane Corley, Cathy Berchtold, Claire Angus, Katy Corbett, Martha Fell, Beth Burrows, Jill Curtis, Adie Deeks, Meredith Cartwright, Wendy Buchanan. Middle Row: Kim Cramer, Christine Czasch, Bonnie Barnes, Lisa Beer, Carolyn Dyck, Cari Cogan, Bobbie-Lynn Brass, Alison Carr, Sarah Dinnick, Harriet Eastwood, Stephanie Churcher, Muff Cathers. Front Row: Denise Arana, Sandra Cusack, Fiona Dightam, Pam Adshade, Carolyn Douglas, Jacqueline Bent, Anji Dayal.





12R4. Stairs: Cathy Larkin, Kellie Leman, Lindsay Glassco, Julie Fergusson. Back Row: Maggie Hermant, Ginny Kent, Suzanne Long, Kathleen McCombe, Roberta Joiner, Michelle Kemp-Gee, Debbie Oon, Patricia Lee. Middle Row: Sandra Jarvis, Jennifer Lewis, Susie Garay, Janice Loudon, Jodie Kayser, Kathy Hurrell, Christel Helwig, Diana Lowrie, Margaret Hall, Dena Kypreos. Front Row: Anne Hardacre, Sheila Gorwill, Judith Jasperson, Michele Goodman, Ellen Green, Margaret Hill, Barb Inksater. Absent: Stephanie Griffiths.

12R13. Stairs: Liz Wall, Lisa Sharpe, Julia Weinstein, Sue Sheridan, Martha Wilson, Pam van Straubenzee, Pam Robertson. Back Row: Cathy McCulloch, Janice Wright, Sloane Swanson, Chris McKinney, Erika Ness, Lisa Papas, Diane Pathy. Middle Row: Judy McLeish, Sarah Teskey, Susan Wilson, Susan Morris, Jennifer Ryder, Kelly White, Linda Schabereiter, Barb Ward, Jennifer Wilkes, Caird Stewart. Front Row: Heather McGeorge, Cassandra Roncarelli, Tory Russell, Pam Taylor, Stephanie Toro. Absent: Catherine Newman, Katie Rea, Shawna Sherman.



GRADE 11



11R16. Top Row: Kim Robarts, Sarah Wiley, Jill Wigle, Andrea Ryder, Sheila Ross, Tara Phillips, Jane Palmer, Carolyn Pollitt, Robyn Ross. Second Row: Morna Robertson, Christine Stait-Gardner, Sarah Taylor, Katherine Zeidman, Penelope Pilgrim, Lauren Papas, Sally Pitfield, Emily Stephenson, Cheryl Sasveld, Margaret Tytler, Vicky Peters, Alison Tasker. First Row: Elektra Vrachas, Karen Vander Dussen, Julie Pollock, Vittoria Solano, Catherine Temelcoff, Hayley Wymes.



The song of the sea
Appeals to me,
Of sun and sand, of being free.
The constant tide of oceans wide,
My heart a slow ship filled
With pride.
The wake of whales and
Wind tossed swells, of
Men's low voices telling tales.
The gulls in flight 'til
Out of sight
Lost in sunset's evening
Light.
The dolphins' play by light
Of day,
To man they have no
Words to say.
Play on, be free, O song
Of sea
On land I stay to ever
Want thee.

Liz Dingwall
Grade 11



11R11, Back Row: Tessa Griffin, Karen Mooney, Marci Hartill. 3rd. Row: Theresa Hoefenmayer, Valerie Korinek, Diane McNeill, Jennifer Kim, Charlene Knaggs, Penny McLeod. 2nd. Row: Susie Lawson, Karen Myers, Cynthia Higgins, Martha McCarthy, Rachel Horne, Heather Lafleur, Paola Orellana, Dora Lin. 1st Row: Martha Paisley, Alison Ground, Heather Montgomery, Michelle Halbert, Laura McElwain, Jennifer Huycke, Sandra Herber. Front: Marny McMillan.

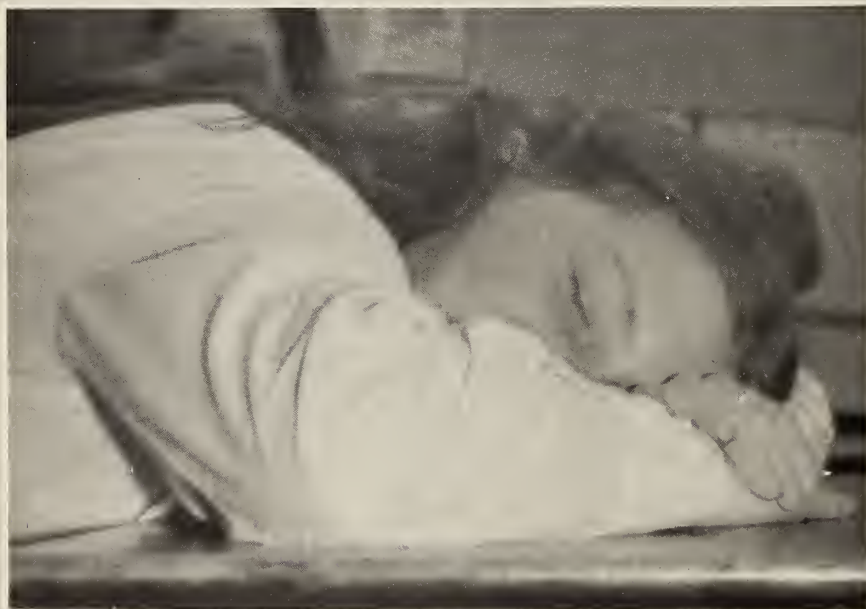


11R9, Back Row: Kate Dafoe, Darcy Bett, Lorelei Graham. Third Row: Heather Frise, Julie Goldberg, Jennifer Carscallen, Suzanne el Baroudi, Heidi Evans, Cynthia Good-child, Mary Doran, Colleen Doyle, Elizabeth Elder. 2nd Row: Carmen Busquets, Heather Fleming, Isobel Calvin, Alison Bartlett, Margot Ann Barefoot, Debbie Glynne, Mary Boynton, Jane Connor, Kathy Barclay. 1st Row: Carol Armstrong, Robyn Adderly, Liz Dingwall, Dianne Daminoff, Anna Chan, Candace Crysdale, Sheila Graham.



GRADE 10

10R10. Top Row: Heidi Ambrose, Wendy Brown, Kathy Fullerton, Betsy Britnell, Susan Andrus. Third Row: Jenny Dulmage, Catherine Adams, Erin Finn, Meg Chisholm, Annabell Fell, Jaclyn Churcher, Willa Evans, Stacy Costa, Beth Endean. Second Row: Patty Aziz, Debbie Farquharson, Carole Burrows, Andrea Dinnick, Melanie Evans, Maryse Butler, Melinda Bradshaw, Lynn Dutton, Kirsten Cook, Victoria Bowman. Bottom Row: Dawn Adlam, Sarah Barrington, Karin Dobbins, Diane Dempsey, Ros Bristoll, Catherine Fairbank, Carrie Cameron.





10R18. Back Row: Linda Martin, Jane Matthews, Helen Harrison. Third Row: Megan Long, Laurie Nichols, Jen Gray, Jennifer McNab, Mary Lissaman, Sarah Holding, Beth Harling, Heather Massey. Second Row: Jane Leckey, Susan McGregor, Sue Higgins, Michelle McArthur, Susan O'Connor, Susie Hore, Kathy Lyon, Stephanie Jeffrey, Chris Lewis, Caroline Kitchen. First Row: Debbie Lachowicz, Mitzi Narinesingh, Catherine Needham, Allison Huycke, Marianne Harwood-Nash, Tori Hackett, Barb Hall.



10R19. Back Row: Pippa Strathy, Tori Wilgar, Hilary Shaw, Bronwen Scott, Wendy Spencer. Third Row: Pamela Peers, Brigitte Young, Lisa Windeler, Josephine Parker, Kelly Richardson, Wendy Robertson, Lenore Wille, Vicky Walker, Lisa Parker. Second Row: Sarah Robertson, Jennifer Priest, Susanna Wong, Maria Soriano, Peggy Theodore, Michele Skelley, Virginia Trotter, Mike Tanabe, Katy Staples. Bottom Row: Lisa Piebalgs, Catriona Padmore, Jennifer Pierce, Genevieve Perron, Pamela Vallance. Absent: Marla Sherman, Cynthia Swinden.

GRADE 9



9R5. Back Row: Stephanie Buchanan, Allison Case, Vincenza D'Antoni. Third Row: Lisa Clark, Gillian Field, Alison Englar, Patricia Fleming, Shuna Baird, Kim Dalglish, Gillian Dinning, Mary Coleman, Daphne Armstrong. Second Row: Ana Escalante, Marina Adshade, Nadia Coury, Debbie Edney, Linda Alexanian, Laura El Baroudi, Gayle Armstrong, Louise Dempster, Meridith Bond, Louise Dunlap. First Row: Sarah Eyton, Linton Carter, Alison Dalglish, Leslie Fleming, Fiona Anderson, Claire Duckworth, Heather Adam, Erin Elder. Absent: Jennifer Andersen, Jennifer Cunietti.





9R15. Back Row: Wendy Frith, Lisa Kirshner, Carol Hood, Celia McDougall. Third Row: Lynda Johnson, Katy Ingham, Sabrina Mitchell, Jane Hendrick, Cynthia Mitchell, Shannon McCarthy, Ainsley Moore, Morag Fraser, Alison MacLeod, Tanya Katz. Second Row: Mary Moffat, Kim Kelly, Amy Hathaway, Liane Kennedy, Yu-Pin Khoo, Cathy Mills, Amanda Kirkland, Heather Kay, Kay McCutcheon, Maureen McMath. First Row: Kristin MacPherson, Jennifer McCulloch, Jennifer Hinder, Mary Inksater, Adrienne Grant, Jennifer Kitchen, Kim Foley, Margaret Anne Macdonald. Absent: Martha Morden.



9R17. Back Row: Pam Snively, Sarah Wright, Rachel Sutherland, Christine VanderDussen. Third Row: Janet Read, Natasha Prior, Dana Warren, Fiona Russell, Mary Wright, Kathy Weatherill, Mary-Anne Rapanos, Natalie von Veh, Jennifer Routledge. Second Row: Patricia Strangway, Kathy Watt, Kim Robbins, Susan Van Wynen, Corinne Strasman, Nancy North, Katherine Schulz, Hillary Pounsett, Leeanne Weld, Christine Morin. First Row: Jennifer Patchett, Anna Tyacke, Karen Short, Nancy Ross, Alison Worley, Vanessa Steinmetz, Helga Sonnenberg, Carole Tinmouth, Ruhi Sharma.





HOME
AWAY
FROM
HOME



GWEN

By missing out in the eventful experience of residence life, one is missing out in the most enlightening, enraging, fun, frustrating, aggravating and sometimes even encouraging time of her short, educationally dominated segment of life. I speak as a student looking back upon six Branksome Hall residence years and am prepared to defend my previous statement in any case of a non-believer crossing my road of destiny (the road, incidentally will no doubt have been kept very well!).

It's impossible (sometimes unavoidable) not to achieve indescribable feelings of closeness and rare, lasting friendships. I mean it's difficult, if you wish to live in peace, not to "Love Thy Neighbour" when thy neighbour is sleeping four feet away from you each night!

Needless to say, we've had a great year and for those I've left behind, I wish as much and more in years to come.

Love,

Gwen



HOUSE MOMS



Back: Mrs. Kaur, Mrs. Diamond, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Milonas, Miss Friend.
Front: Miss Kalsatos, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Glancy. Away: Miss Mitchell.



HOUSE V.I.P.'S



HOUSE WORDS

Ainslie House is composed of various different nationalities and personalities. This year our House-Mothers have been just GREAT! They had their hands full with 28 adolescent and rowdy girls. This year we didn't have a Don, so we feel that an extra pat on the back is due to our devoted housemothers for keeping their sanity.

We think that you would agree that this year has been a most fulfilling and exciting experience, which it couldn't have been without the mystery of the missing Designer clothing of H. MacG. But who could forget that memorable night when Paola O. spent ONLY 5 minutes talking on the phone, or the piercing screams from Penny P. when she saw her first falling snowflake. Then there was that October night when our West-Indian friends taught us all how to Jam and Limbo to the Calypso beat and Sian and Shobha caught the doughnut fever. Then we had a certain newcomer to our house who always had a good excuse for everything she did wrong, "Hey! I'm just a new girl. How would I know?" Right Julia? Collingwood phone calls every night, right Pam? Who could forget when Charlene got her new Ghetto Blaster and the Jam it let out or Stephanie Toro with her "Let's watch Magnum."

Probably the most well liked girls were the ones who were the most quiet: Anna, Dova, Debbie, Jennifer, Patricia and Mouse. "Where's Carmen?" "In the bathtub, need you ask?" "I'm going on a diet tomorrow." "Has anyone seen Bonnie?" "I'm down here Ruth."

Karen and Rachel with, "anyone want to order a pizza?" Has anyone seen Willie?" "I think I'll call Charlie tonight." "Who wants some Kraft Dinner?" "Anyone back, Mrs. G?"

Same Time, Same Place,
Same Friends,
Next Year
Love, Ruth and Bonnie

Being a member of Buccleuch includes experiencing the following:

- phone line-ups.
- midnight cookie binges and early morning homework sessions.
- tears and laughter, disappointment and joy.
- being a pizza fanatic that lives for Wednesday night.
- a sad farewell to Miss Reid.
- learning to live with each other.
- blaring stereos at 10:29 p.m.
- STUDY ...?
- living for mail and weekends.
- newfound and everlasting friendships.

The feeling of Buccleuch House could never be condensed and written up on one small page. One has to experience our life from day to day to know just exactly what we mean.

This year has been an excellent one for us and we've continued to remain a happy family. I hope this house will be lucky enough in the future years to hold some girls that are as fantastic as these girls have been. Good luck in the future and love all of you always.

Jennifer Priest, Celia McDougall

This is the end or maybe it is just the beginning. We may be few in number this year, only being nineteen girls, but one would never know it! The house spirit and participation are great; especially for the haunted house for the younger girls - great way to relieve hostilities.

McNeill House girls help to support many activities like pizza feasts, mattress moving, trunk parties, mop races, Alison roomcheck and the sheet exchange.

We also have many talents in the house. Mrs. Diamond makes incredible sweaters for bathmats. There is our famous Newspaper La Bouche by Sky. Mary and Shaenie provide intrahouse music. Lisa is our expert on how to break and mend bones. And, of course, our own siren Sandy.

To a terrific group, good-bye and good luck.

Mindy

Until this year, the Junior Residence has been Buccleuch. This year we were moved over to our side of the street to Sherborne House! Another important thing about this year is to congratulate Victoria Murray, for being our youngest border.

Each year something special happens at Hallow'een - we have a big dinner and all the borders get dressed up. This year we won some competitions. Then, like every year, MacNeill House had a Haunted house for us. Thanks, Grads, for making it the best ever!

We'll never forget water fights, "taking a rest on the chairs" during study, sleeping in, being late for breakfast, rules, phone calls and being homesick until the night before the holidays when everyone is really excited.

Thanks Sherbonites and House Mothers. Have fun next year. Have a great holiday. See you next year!

Carol Cameron
Danielle Perron



AINSLIE



MacNEILL



Ainslie

Back Row: Ruth, Dora, Shobha, Anna, Julie, Kathy, Karen, Kim, Rachael, Charlene. Third Row: Pam, Bobbie-Lynn, Bonnie, Penny. Second Row: Carolyn, Robyn, Penny, Heather, Paola. Front Row: Sheila.

MacNeill

Back Row: Sandra, Mary, Michelle, Shaenie, Sky, Mrs. Diamond, Mindy, Andrea, Amanda. Middle Row: Christie, Alison, Robin, Vicki. Front Row: Ai Chun, Lesley, Lisa, Edith, Anita.

BUCCLEUCH



SHERBORNE



Buccleuch

Back Row: Nadia, Sabrina, Jennifer, Meg, Maurice, Pam, Miss Kalsatos. Middle Row: Dawn, Wendy, Linda, Genevieve, Mitzi, Jennifer, Erin. Front Row: Susan, Rachel, Marina, Christine.

Sherborne

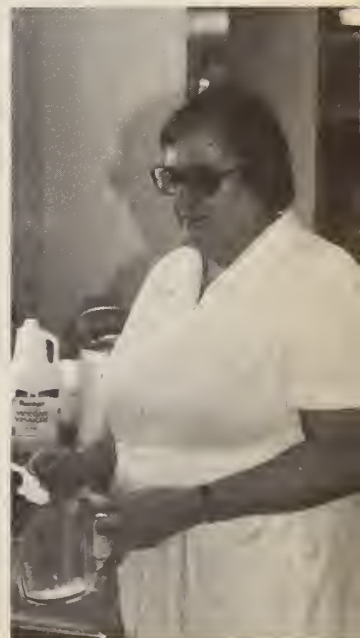
Back Row: Miss Friend, Mrs. Kaur. Third Row: Chantelle, Gina, Heather, Karen, Tracy, Gretel, Brenda. Second Row: Danielle, Mary, Karen, Alison, Lisa, Danielle, Carol, Vee, Katie. Front Row: Laura, Robynne, Angie.

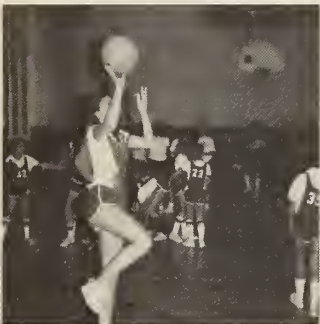






HAWANO'S KITCHEN CREW





SPORTS

KELLY

Something I've never felt quite so strongly as I have this year, is the spirit at Branksome Hall. Although it has always been there, and often been seen, I've never FELT it the way I have this year. The energy and excitement of the cheers ringing in the gym promotes a unique sense of spirit known only to a Branksomite who has been there. It makes me

Proud to be part of Branksome Hall when I can't even hear myself think at a basketball game because the cheers are so loud. Not only am I proud of the amount of support that Branksome gives to its teams, but of the team members, who represent us in competition.

Our range of sports programs provides a wide variety of athletics to become involved in: from hockey to fencing to badminton and tennis; from basketball and volleyball; from cross-country and soccer to baseball and fitness; from swimming to skiing, Branksome tries to include something for everyone.

Ribbit; who represents us at all our games and encourages Branksome with cheers of victory. He leads our teams to competition at BSS, Havergal, St. Clements, etc. . . and even chases our cross-country team around at Boyd Conservation Area. And when times are rough, Ribbit gives encouragement to our school . . .

The teams' commitment, hard training, skill, determination, combined with the valuable help of the coaches help build a precious team spirit and sense of belonging - a feeling of pride understood by those who have been part on a Branksome team. Our teams have always done exceptionally well. With competition branching out to the TDCAA and OFSAA levels, team members know they have the support of the whole school behind them. Winning isn't what's important, as long as they give it all they've got. And Branksome has a lot to give. I think this year can best be summed up:

Spirit, spirit we have got! Not a little, but a lot!

Kelly



GO
BRANKSOME
GO!



Red, Green, Black and White,
See our colours in the fight,
Toss 'em high, toss 'em low,
Come on, Branksome, go, go, go!
Yea Branksome!
Fight team fight!!!



BASKETBALL



First Team, Back Row: Suzanne Long, Wendy Buchanan, Sheila Gorwill. Front Row: Martha Wilson, Sarah Teskey, Sarah Mustard.

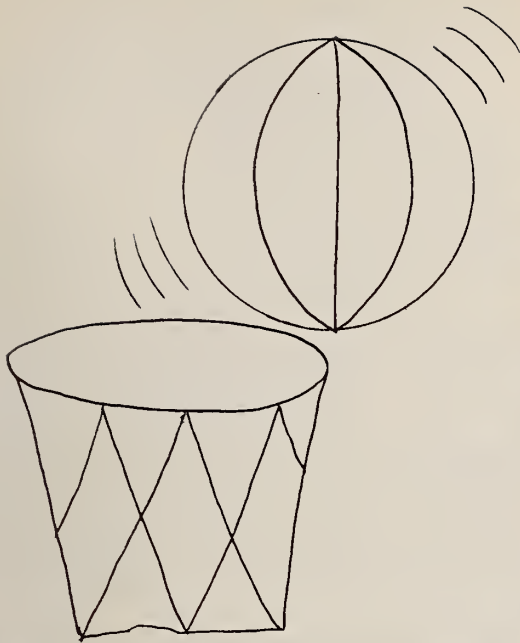
Second Team, Back Row: Muff Cathers, Kathy Barclay, Maggie Hermant, Beth Burrows, Kelly Hawke. Front Row: Isobel Calvin, Jill Curtis, Kathryn Buleychuk.



Basketball started out with a great season! We had a fantastic turnout. It was hard work, tough competition, but lots of fun! From the fifth team in the Junior School to the first team in the Senior School, there were a number of games played; both lost and won. Even though the results were sometimes discouraging, the spirit continued to pour out. Thanks!! coaches, supporters and players, it was a great season. Next year, we hope to see everyone join Miss Roach along the sidelines to cheer us to victory!

Sheila Gorwill
Wendy Buchanan





Above: Third Team, Back Row: Betsy Britnell, Hilary Shaw, Genevieve Perron. Middle Row: Cari Burrows, Laurie Nichols, Carolyn Kitchen. Front Row: Kathy Fullerton, Miss. Riggin. Below: Fourth Team, Back Row: Catherine Schultz, Stephanie Buchanan, Cindy Mitchell. Front Row: Allison Huycke, Catherine Needham. Absent: Susan Andrus, Adrienne Grant.



Fifth Team, Back Row: Daphne King, Laura Pink, Heather Cartwright. Middle Row: Emily Long, M.J. Peirce, Tammy Long, Mrs. Cheeseman. Front Row: Gigi Hall, Shelagh Grant, Val Helbronner, Jodi Allen.



BADMINTON

Top Picture: 14's Badminton - Top Row: Adrienne Grant, Laura el Baroudi, Cathy Mills, Mary Wright, Pamela Snively. Bottom Row: Meredith Bond, Dana Warren, Leeanne Weld. Middle Picture: 15's - Top Row: Bronwen Scott, Peggy Theodore, Andrea Dinnick, Laurie Nichols, Cathy Adams, Mary Lissaman. Bottom Row: Jill Dingle, Tory Hackett, Megan Long, Genevieve Perron, Michele Skelly, Jackie Chur-cher. Bottom Picture: 16's and Over - Top Row: Janice Wright, Jen Gray, Susan Morris, Susanne el Baroudi, Colleen Doyle. Bottom Row: Ginny Kent, Kelly Hawke, Leslie Catalano, Michelle Kemp-Gee.



VOLLEYBALL



From Upper Left Picture Down:

16's Team - Back Row: Ellen Green, Wendy Buchanan, Martha Wilson, Lisa Papas, Karen Taylor. Front Row: Bonnie Barnes, Ingrid Taylor, Marci Hartill, Sheila Gorwill.

15's Team - Back Row: Lauren Papas, Jennifer Gray. Middle Row: Catriona Padmore, Betsy Britnell, Catherine Needham, Kathy Fullerton. Front Row: Carri Cameron, Allison Huycke, Caroline Kitchen, Heidi Ambrose.

14's Team - Back Row: Tori Wilgar, Marla Sherman, Jennifer Kitchen, Adrienne Grant. Middle Row: Celia McDougall, Vanessa Steinmetz, Claire Duckworth. Front Row: Leslie Fleming, Cathy Mills.

13's Team - Back Row: Mrs. Clare, Colleen Silver, Tracy Montgomery, Gigi Hull. Front Row: Deedee Poulton, Valerie Helbronner, Sam Sharpe, Joanna Bancroft, Catherine Matthews.

CROSS

The sound of my gasping breath filled my ears, drowning out all other sounds. Painfully I tried to increase the speed in my aching legs which threatened to stop at any moment. Sweat kept dripping into my eyes, half blinding me.

The miles stretched out in front of me. All the while I wondered "What am I doing this for?" I'm sure that's the question that ran through the mind of everyone on the team as they went through similar pains to finish a gruelling 3.2 mile race. The answer lies in the finish and in a physical well-being that makes it all worthwhile. The races all went well this year, thanks to Mrs. Kizoff. She was always able to calm our raw nerves as we anxiously awaited our races. We were a real team this year in the full sense of the word and greatly appreciated the support we received from other fellow students and staff.



COUNTRY



Cross-Country Team. Top: Sheila Gorwill, Sarah Teskey, Laura McElwain, Alison Tasker, Jill Curtis. Middle: Beth Burrows, Anne Louise Genest, Michelle Blundell. Front: Julie Fergusson, Megan Long, Mrs. Kizoff.

AND SWIMMING



Swim Team

Top Row: Lisa Papas, Sue Sheridan, Linton Carter, Karen Short. 3rd Row: Anna Escalante, Sabrina Mitchell, Charlene Knaggs. 2nd Row: Wendy Brown, Sloane Swanson, Alison Tasker, Marci Hartill. Front Row: Kate Dafoe, Chris Lewis, Lauren Papas.

The B-girls are a group ranging in weight from 42-160 lbs., in height from 3' to 5'10" from tadpoles to seniors, full of spirit and enthusiasm.

The year was great. We started off by winning our first two meets and coming third in a relay meet at Havergal. At The Bishop's Cup we placed third. We were cheered on by at least 30 supporters whose enthusiasm was outstanding.

We wouldn't have done as well as we did without the help of our trusty coach, Mrs. Lumsdon and our scorer, Mrs. Kizoff. Everyone on the team deserves a pat on the back. We may have had some mixups but remember . . .

The distance is nothing - it's only the first step that is difficult.

Thanks everyone
Puddles of love

Susie



WATER,

After weeks of thorough soaking in the BHS pool, the synchro team placed 1st in routines and 3rd in figures at the March competition at Havergal.

Right: Senior Synchro Team. Back Row: Sue Sheridan, Martha Paisley, Kelly Hawke, Mary Morden, Laurie Hrushowy. Front Row: Christine Morin, Julie Allan, Martha Younger. Below: Junior Synchro Team. Back Row: Shelagh Sturtridge, Mairi-Anne Padmore, Claire Prendergast, Mary McClenaghan. Front Row: Danielle Holmes, Alex Wright.



SNOW & ICE

Despite the fact that they have no neat, matching uniforms, our Hockey team ends another season undefeated.

The BHS ski team made it to OFFSA this year. Congratulations!

Above: Ski team.

Back Row: Kathy Stinson, Adie Deeks, Megan Long. Front Row: Anne Louise Genest, Kathryn Buleychuk, Kate Trusler.

Right: Hockey team.

Left Side: Morna Robertson, Alison Tasker, Leeanne Weld, Amy Hathaway. Across: Erin Finn, Sarah Wright. Right Side: Darcy Bett, Jodi Kayser, Janice Wright.



SOCCER



Veterans of the high school soccer circuit for two years, the Branksome team has once again survived another harrowing, rigorous, excitement-filled season and even managed to come out slightly ahead. Well, let's not be modest. To be perfectly honest, we crushed every team that dared venture into our sphere of excellence. The only losses we suffered were three balls that, of their own accord, leapt over the lower field fence and onto Rosedale Valley Road in a desperate attempt to save themselves from the brutal beatings suffered at the feet of the Branksomites during soccer practice.

Dan the Man (official title - Mr. G. D'Antoni) is the catalyst of this great athletic enterprise and we owe him many thanks for nurturing the best soccer team this side of Yonge and Bloor.

Anne Louise Genest and Tory Russell



Soccer Team.

Back Row: Meredith Cartwright, Lindsay Glassco, Heather Frise, Heather Lafleur, Tory Russell, Jill Wigle, Martha Wilson, Andrea Dods. Middle Row: Leeanne Weld, Alison Carr, Bonnie Barnes, Lisa Beer, Pamela Peers, Vera Lo, Morna Robertson, Mr. D'Antoni. Front Row: Janice Wright, Carol Hood, Anne Louise Genest, Darcy Bett.

FENCING



Opposite: Senior Fencing Team.

Back Row: Robyn Ross, Jacqui Churcher, Katey Corbett, Genevieve Perron, Kim Robarts, Christine McCartney. Front Row: Helen Harrison, Hayley Wymes, Heather Fleming.

Lower Left: Junior Fencing Team.

Back Row: Alison Deere, Jane Cathers, Stephanie Florian, Sara Woolford. Front Row: Jenny Karsh, Vanessa Avruskin, Sara Hull, Samantha McLaren. Fencing Coach - Peter.



TEAMS '81



TENNIS

Top Right: 16's Team Back Row: Suzanne Long, Tory Russell. Second Row: Kelly Hawke, Martha Dingle, Cassandra Roncarelli. First Row: Julie Fergusson, Judy McLeish, Beth Burrows.

Facing: 15's Team Second Row: Mary Mathers, Jennifer Huycke, Sally Pitfield, Laura Loewen. First Row: Jen Gray, Heather Montgomery.

Bottom Right: 14's Team Back Row: Kathy Fullerton. Second Row: Megan Long, Wendy Spencer. First Row: Tori Hackett, Laurie Nichols, Heather Frise.

Below: TDCAA Tennis Team - 1981 Penny McLeod, Cassandra Roncarelli, Judy McLeish, Cindy Mitchell, Adrienne Grant.





BASEBALL

Top Left: 16's Team Back Row: Wendy Buchanan, Maggie Hermant, Janice Wright. Second Row: Sarah Teskey, Jill Curtis, Bev Hicks-Lyne, Kathy Stinson. First Row: Martha Wilson.

Facing: 15's Team Back Row: Kim Robarts, Candy Crysdale, Jane Connor. Second Row: Isobel Calvin, Kathy Barclay, Marny McMillan, Nancy Bird, Mary Boynton. First Row: Sharon Barclay, Mrs. Jennings and Charlie, Kate Dafeo, Pam Smith.

Bottom Left: 14's Team Back Row: Olivia Sampson. Second Row: Alison Huycke, Maria Soriano, Caroline Kitchen. First Row: Heather Massey, Katie Staples, Betsy Britnell, Erin Finn.

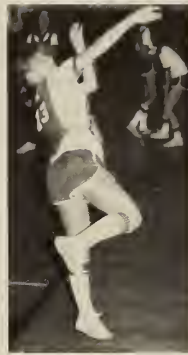


SOCCER

Below: Soccer Team Back Row: Karen Thompson, Bev Hicks-Lyne, Jennifer Huycke, Tessa Griffin, Jill Wagle, Martha Wilson. Second Row: Olivia Sampson, Darcy Bett, Ellen Green, Trish Heward, Sarah Teskey, Heather Frise. First Row: Bonnie Barnes, Janice Wright.



THE GYM: A PLACE TO...







Spirit, spirit,
We have got,

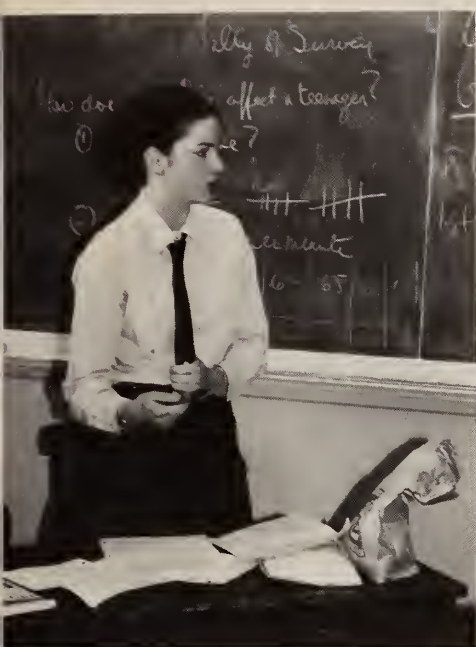




**Not a little,
But a lot!**

CLANS





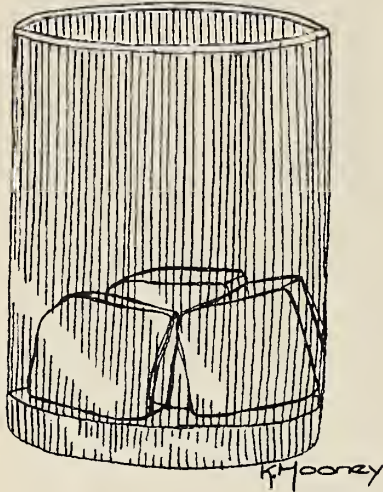


Erika Ness

THE



ARTS



Snow

When I woke this morning
To find snow the world adorning
I did think of quickly running
Way down south where it is sunning.

I hate snow with a passion
'Though to some to ski's the fashion
I can't see the point in priding
Myself in the art of sliding.

I dislike the cold wind blowing,
And the snow that's softly snowing,
And the cold air that is numbing.
How I pray that summer's coming!

Susan Donahue

He stood in a shadow, a checkered blanket draped loosely over his tiny shoulders, and watched the firemen put away the last of their gear. Most of the crowd had gone home by then because there was nothing more to see. There were a few stragglers still exclaiming among themselves, "Ooh you should have seen it. It just destroyed everything. Poor family that lived there. Wonder what they'll do now?"

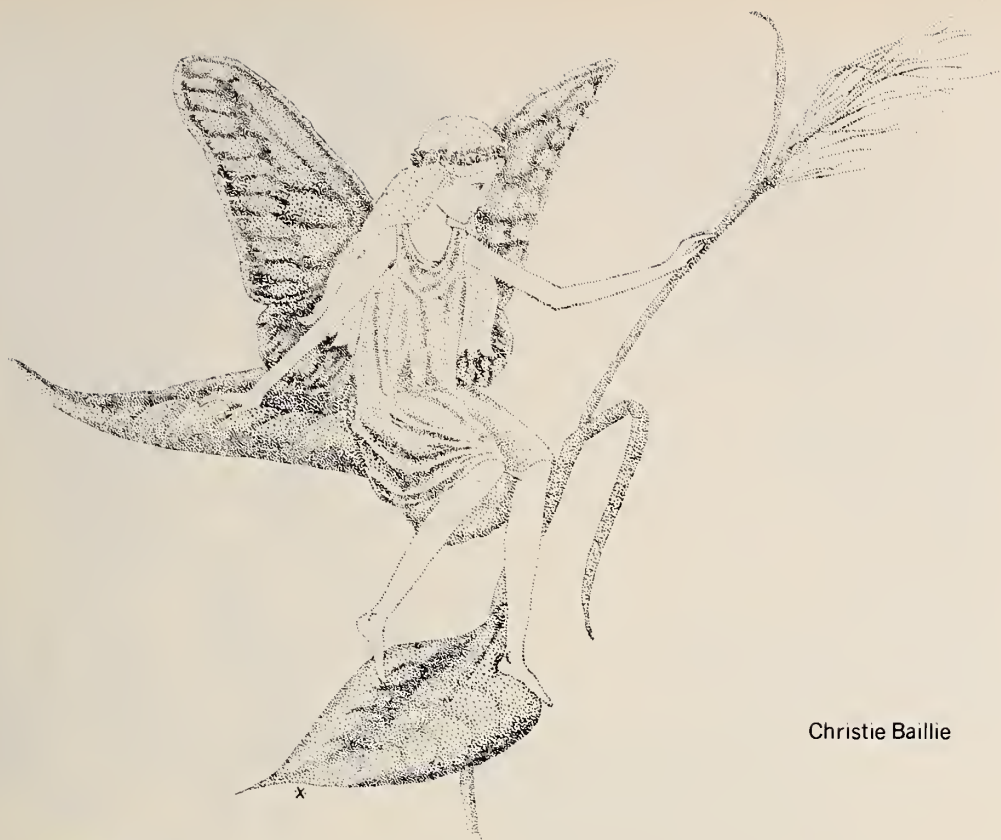
Jack had been sent to bed early that night because he and his best friend, Ronald, had broken the neighbour's window. It had been an accident. Ronald should have caught the ball. It wasn't Jack's fault he'd missed. But his father just wouldn't listen, as usual. Why couldn't his father be like Ronald's, Jack had thought murderously as he pulled off his trousers.

It took him a long time to fall asleep because he had been reflecting on the unfairness of life for ages. He was half asleep when he heard Banjo barking and his father yelling at the dog to shut up. Then, suddenly, his father was in his room, not yelling at Banjo now, but at him, jerking him upright in bed and shaking him. What had he done this time? Or was this a dream? He found himself on his feet with a blanket around him, walking towards the door. His father's words suddenly became clear. A fire here? Couldn't be. His father has said that this house would be the last house in the city that would burn down. Jack stumbled down the stairs. Upstairs his father was yelling for Banjo. "Banjo, Banjo, here boy," he called.

Outside it was cold. It froze open his eyelids and abruptly he was wide awake. He could hear sirens grinding louder and louder. He could see flames darting in and out of the top windows of his house, moving as to antagonize the trees that grew nearby. People came pouring out of their neighbouring homes, pulling their dressing gowns closed as they ran. Jack saw the neighbour whose window he had broken and unconsciously withdrew a few paces. His father he had not seen yet. The fire engines, all red and glowing, raced up to his house and jerked to a stop, the men leaping off simultaneously and removing the necessary gear. Quickly they hooked up a huge, long hose and directed the water towards the flames. Jack stood fascinated with horror and interest intermingled. Two firemen raced into the house wearing oxygen masks and a few minutes later returned bearing Jack's father. Banjo yapped at their heels. An ambulance whisked them away. The neighbours hummed with observers' excitement. They didn't see Jack shivering in the shadows. He didn't see them either. His eyes were intent upon the fire. He could almost see it cackle. He watched it destroy his home.

Sky Lamothe





Christie Baillie

The Light

In the darkness,
It was confusing
Looking for a stranger,
in the night.

To find a human
Quite amusing
Searching for someone,
in the night.

Then it flashed upon your eyes
What has taken you by surprise?
You're overcome with madness . . .
Until you realize
That this is the stranger with the light.

He has shown you the light
And you are no longer
Amidst the darkness
of the night.

Alison MacLeod



Shuna Baird

It's like being thrown into space
Never stopping, never turning, no control
Endless black, hollow mass
Once you are pulled into that void
You can never escape from that grasping
No air
A dark blanket of nothing
But still . . .
There are the stars
They shine.

Darcy Bett



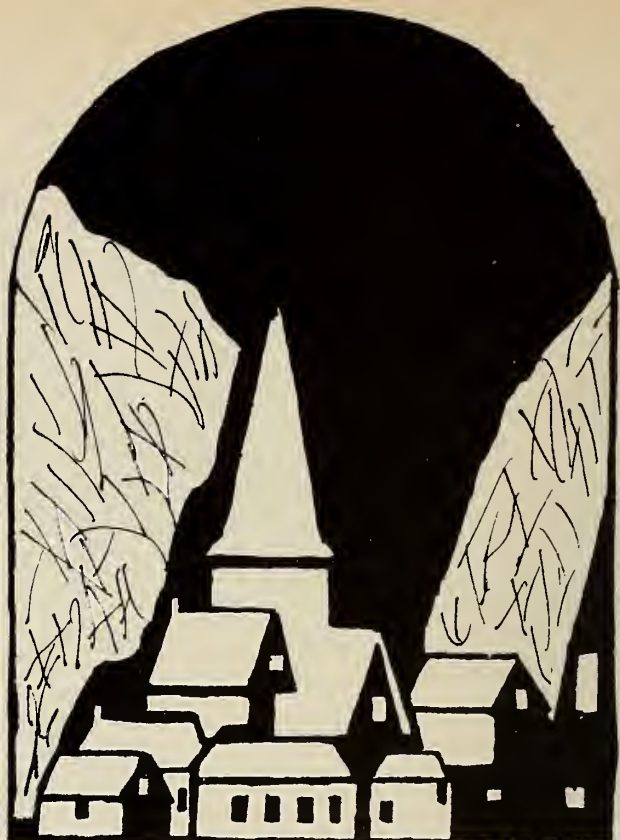
Alison Dalglish

Darkness falls over the town,
Silence,
Peace surrounds the village.

Vittoria Solano

Against a forest of lustre green
And tall strong pine trees
Stands one small tree
Stripped of its leaves
Unliving
It stands a greyish white
With only its skeleton
Harshly it is judged
And each element
Racks its bones
Oh Bare Tree
Do not fear so
You are unique
And you are striking
Among others of a common likeness
Take comfort from the rudeness
But do not run and hide
Take comfort in your wisdom.

Katy Rea
Grade 12



Vittoria Solano/81

Island of the Sun

I am on the balcony overlooking the city to one side and the mysterious sea to the other.

The sky is deep blue and pink fans of clouds stain it. The breeze is tropical and warm, and in the fading light, I can see the bustle of people in the fruit stalls, vendors pushing their carts laden with delicious wares, and men selling coconuts by the cluttered street. Mixed sounds and smells rise up to me, intoxicating me like wine and filling my head like a balloon.

The beach is calm and distant. It is framed with green palms, twisted and reaching. The sea is still except for the gentle, undulating waves that roll white and crash on sloping, golden sands.

There is the sound of birds in the air, and a large exotic moth stumbles by, lulled into drowsiness by the lingering scent of hibiscus and warm-blooded people.

In the horizon, a tiny fishing vessel packs up for the day and creeps slowly towards shore.

The sky is now violet, and like tiny perfect diamonds, a myriad of stars pierce the darkness with light. The moon rises up, full and round and softens the craggy mountains with its beams. The palms are silhouetted and the ocean is a luminous sheet.

All is now quiet . . .

Jennifer Kim
Grade 11



Jennifer
Kim/81

The pretense is strength
but she fails only to herself.
Outside it's cold and unimportant,
until she lets herself inside
and discovers what degree she had falsely held.
The truth starts here and the realization -
the realization of pain and hurt, of raw emotions
intensified through the previous loss.
Thus, to be inflicted upon
in such a way
is the worst, yet the best thing -
which makes her awareness real.
Is it sad?

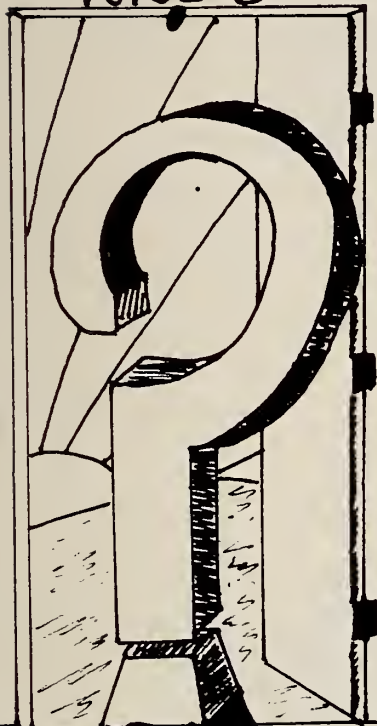
Gwen Baillie
Grade 13

Morning

The scurrying wind is crying.
I feel drowsy
as I dreamily torment myself into
a world of bearable feelings.
Entwining myself in sleep, I smell
the solemn and sad wind.
I awake once again to find the
storm has abated
And I think again
that the world can be
mine.

Claire Duckworth
Grade 9

221 B



"Elementary . . ."

You never lived, yet you survive
In Baker Street and Orange Pips five.
The Speckled Band, the Lion's Mane
The Creeping Man and Second Stain.
"The game's afoot!" you'd loudly call
Two sets of feet on the stair would fall.
Through swirls of London's fog you'd race
Though danger or death surrounded the chase.
"My dear Holmes!" John Watson would
cry. "How did you know that he had
lied?" In front of a fire, at 221B,
Sherlock would smile and say -
"Elementary . . ."



The scene was a dismal one; my brother Andy sat slouched over, his head in his hands, and I stared fixedly, close to tears, out the window. The room was silent save for the sound of our cat Scruffy purring contentedly away in cat heaven. I threw the T.V. guide at her - in our state of misery the sight of any happy being was unbearable. Indignant yet composed, Scruffy raised herself, arched her back, and sauntered off, giving me a dirty look over her shoulder.

Suddenly my brother exploded.

"Goddamn television! Goddamn it! Wouldn't you know it! Wouldn't you just know it! It figures. It bloody well figures!"

And it did, too. The one time we had something vital to see on television, it was inevitable that it would go on the blink just as the show was beginning.

We had found out the week before. I was reading the entertainment section of the newspaper when a tiny paragraph, tucked away between two advertisements, caught my eye: "The Grateful Dead, Live from Turlock, California," the paragraph read, "a three hour special, Saturday at 2:00 a.m. on channel 7." My heart stopped. I read it again to make sure that I was seeing right. I was! I grabbed the newspaper and flew upstairs, calling to my brother.

"Andy! Andy!" I screamed, "The Dead! Saturday night! On T.V.!"

I burst into his room and thrust the newspaper under his nose.

"Wha - Oh my God! Holy -!" he gasped as he read it.

"Can you believe it!" I shouted, slapping him on the back, "Live! Three hours!" I laughed hysterically.

We then bounced kangaroo-style downstairs to the stereo and put on our favourite Dead album with the volume dial turned to "maximum." Fortunately our parents were out at the time.

My brother's and my reaction might seem rather excessive, but we have been devoted "Deadheads" for years. We have all

their albums, we know all their songs (even the ones we don't like), we even have Grateful Dead t-shirts. But we've never been to a Grateful Dead concert, which, according to my oldest brother John (another Deadhead) is quite an experience. I'm so jealous of him that I can hardly bear to hear him talk about the THREE - yes three! - concerts he has seen. So, to actually be able to see the Dead, even on television, was something so incredible as to send both my brother and me dancing around the house, intoxicated with ecstasy.

Needless to say my homework was severely neglected that week; all I could think about was the coming Saturday, a slow eternity away.

Finally Saturday arrived. We were very careful not to exert ourselves in any way - we wanted lots of energy for when the time came. At eleven p.m. we settled ourselves in the T.V. room, armed with beer and Hostess Tortilla Chips (cheese flavour) to wait out the three hours before the broadcast was to start. We watched M*A*S*H, The Twilight Zone, and an old Alfred Hitchcock movie. Finally it was two o'clock. We sat up expectantly at the Tide commercial, clenched our hands at station identification, leapt up and cheered as the Grateful Dead logo appeared on the screen, and froze in disbelief as the picture went black and little fuzzy lines appeared.

"No!" cried my brother, "It can't be! No!" he dashed forward and fell on his knees in front of the television. Frantically he turned all the dials, but to no avail - the picture was the same. He kicked the television, threw a book at the wall and collapsed in his seat in a miserable heap. I sat, numbed with shock.

And so, there we were at two in the morning on a black Saturday night, desolate, alone yet joined in our despair. It just figured.

Anne Louise Genest





K. TRUSLER

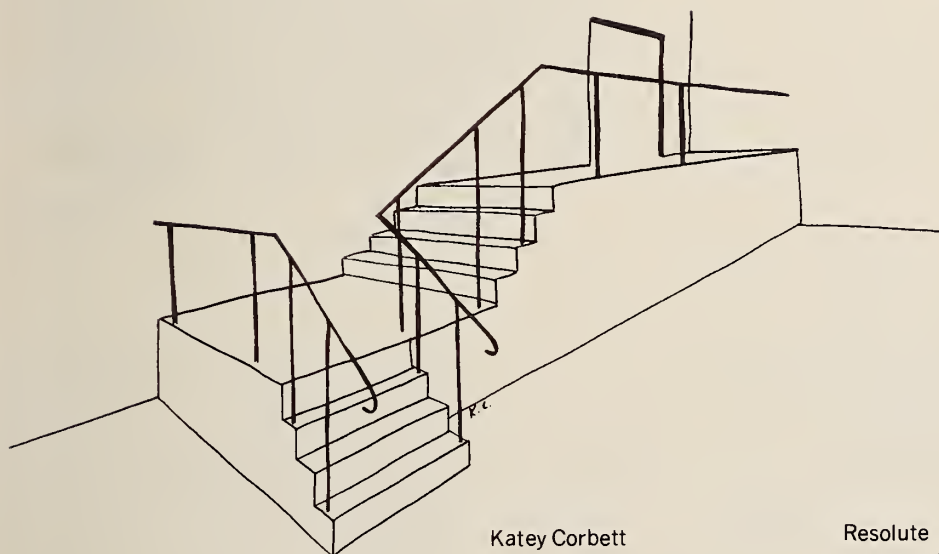
Breath of a City

As the noonday sun begins to fall, the once hushed city becomes disturbed. I walk along the promenade when a single car drives by my side. I take but another step when another vehicle passes by.

Soon, the narrow boulevard becomes a multitude of never-ending shapes. The clamour of the piercing horns rings unpleasant in my now swelling ears. Fresh air grows thin as the exhaust brushes across my face. My body now soiled with a vile storm of murky filth, I resemble a sordid distaste.

When evening comes, the lonely lane which I walked is no longer all atwitter. The lamps are lit and the stillness of the night is muted into slumber.

Alison Dalglish

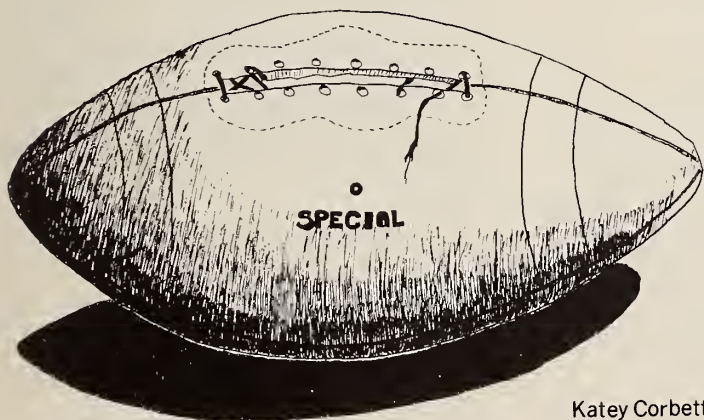


Katey Corbett

Winter Wonder

There is a blanket of snow,
lying on the ground.
The winter day was peaceful
with quietness all around.
Except for the lonely,
little pine trees,
with their boughs and branches,
swaying in the breeze.
The old grey pond,
was frozen over.
No more flowers,
no more clover.
The only thing left,
was the snow on the ground.
And the winter day was peaceful,
with quietness all around.

Heather Angus



Katey Corbett

Resolute
suddenly the sound
awakens uncaring
shock dormant
like ghost
tears loom
misty from
eyes
Tender hands stone
Mellifluous voices
sour
lie
Surrender for ever
surrender.

Simonetta
Lanzi

MONDAY AFTERNOON CREATIONS !

New York

Reality

Multicoloured jellybeans in unmistakable succession coordinate their substance and their brightness and their size to perfect and harmonious continuity as some lives do when the dreams are black and white

Simonetta Lanzi

The Smile

It starts in the eyes
a tiny flicker of light:
it sparkles and spreads
like the blue flames of a small fire in winter.
The mouth twinges downwards
trying to suppress the bubble and surge
of laughter -
But only for an instant,
for it is impossible.
The edges turn upwards,
a bright flash of teeth,
the smile dominates:
a wonderful miracle
never appreciated enough.

Laura Loewen

There is a knock on my door. Mummy enters the hotel room and tells us to dress quickly. Our grandfather is dead. I shower and change in a daze. Without thinking I wash my hair. When I walk out of the bathroom, my mother is angry at me for washing my hair because the plane leaves Laguardia in forty-five minutes and I won't have time to dry it. I walk past her and start to brush my tangled hair. She leaves and I dress silently. I don't have any clothes for a funeral - I guess it doesn't really matter anyway. There is another knock and we leave the room with our bags. The doorman opens the door and we go out into the chilly New York dawn. Daddy whistles for a checker cab. He knows Mummy doesn't like checker cabs because of the springs but it isn't important. Mummy says nothing. I stare out the window and think what a sad memory to have of New York. I've never been to a funeral so I don't really know what to expect. Suddenly the cab jolts to a stop and the driver curses. I turn my gaze forward. There is a car smashed into a bus halfway through the intersection ahead. My father is convincing the cabbie to go on to our flight and return later. We continue to the airport. The sun is shining. I return to staring out the window. I am confused. How should I feel? In the distance I can hear my parents' voices talking about the accident. Daddy asks me if I saw it. I shake my head in reply. I was numb. As we go over the bridge my heart hurts with pain for the loss of my grandfather. I want to cry but I can't. If only I had known there were so many things I wanted to say. I wonder if my mother cried when she spoke to my grandmother. I hope she is okay. She seems so calm. The cab stops and we get out. Daddy wishes to check in. We follow with the bags. The sun does little to lift my spirits as we enter the airport.

S.M. Pitfield

Nothing
save a

Sunday

flickering
candle
flame
sparked by
ardent admiration
lighted merely by
one glowing smile
yet lasting until
the flame
withers
away
am
I

God,
It is a bitter day today.
Even the clouds are tormented.
But, one
crack in the sky
Where the sun is setting
Looks so peaceful
And so far away

Jennifer Ryder

Danforth to Dufferin

I wish I didn't have to get on here at rush hour. That man keeps jabbing his box into my ribs. What could be in a box that big anyway? Probably dirty laundry that he's taking home to his mother . . . or maybe it's a bomb. Why doesn't that lady shut her kid up? It keeps wailing and its nose is dripping.
Oh no, here it comes - Yonge. Thirty million people just crashed into my Mother's Day present and some guy is blowing smoke in my face. I wanted to scream "Hey you, don't you know that's illegal?" Something holds me back. I suppose it is the fat lady standing on my foot.
Here comes that man with the bomb again, pushing through the crowd. I think he's going to set it off at the next stop. It doesn't matter. This is my station. I leave behind me the wailing child and the fat lady, to the man with the bomb, and go on my way.

Patricia Strangway

Toronto, 11 p.m.

The city -
its bright neon lights
screaming through the night
advertising Toronto.
This place never sleeps,
the night was made for this city
its darkness flowing, enveloping
all those who dare to follow.
A policeman walks
keeping in step with the times.
The bars -
St. Charles and the Horseshoe
We, like frightened animals
playing with prey and predator
hopelessly blind.
The filthy air
coats the freedom of your soul,
making the miserable winter
seem colder
than it is.

Katy Ingham

MULTILINGUAL

La Vigile de la Toussaint

La nuit est noire et la lune est pleine. Vous voyez quelques formes courantes et vous entendez les hurlements des chiens et des loups garoux. A la maison à côté de vous, il y a quelques figures qui ressemblent aux fantômes et aux bouffons, et toutes les figures ortent des masques hideux. Les figures vraiment sont des enfants et la nuit est La Vigile de la Toussaint. Aux enfants, cette nuit veut dire l'occasion de mendier des bonbons et du chocolat. Aussi, c'est une chance pour rester tard dehors. Les mots "magiques" sont "trick or treat" et les enfants vont de porte en porte en disant cela. La vigile de la Toussaint est une tradition très vieille qui était commencée à l'époque païenne, quand la Vigile de la Toussaint était le dernier jour du calendrier celtique. Les gens pensaient que les âmes des gens morts rôdaient dans l'obscurité et alors maintenant on met une citrouille dehors pour effrayer les esprits mauvais. Quand le christianisme est venu en Angleterre, quelques choses ont changé, mais cette tradition est restée.

Jane Leckey



El Invierno

Los pájaros ya han salido hacia el sur y la pobre sierra está cubierta con una manta de nieve blanca y suave como el algodón. Todos los árboles llevan con valor sus cargas de la nieve sobre sus ramas nudosas y desnudas. El cielo, iluminado por el sol es claro y azul con franjas de nubes. Un río corría por este bosque, pero ahora, ese río titila como la plata porque está helado. Todo es tranquilo y hermoso, una memoria eterna.

Pero mi corazón busca el verano cuando las flores crecen otra vez y las mariposas vuelan en el aire puro. Así, esperaré el tiempo cuando al fin los niños puedan correr sobre las colinas de nuevo con sus voces bonitas flotando al aire libre.

Jennifer Kim

Detti Italiani

Sposa bagnata, sposa fortunata.
Chi la fa, l'aspetti.
Tanto va la gatta al lardo
che ci lascia lo zampino.
Piove sempre sul bagnato.
Il primo amore non si scorda mai.
La gatta frettolosa fa i gattini ciechi.
Tutto il male non vien per nuocere.
Gallina vecchia fa buon brodo.
Chi troppo vuole nulla stringe.

Scioglilingua

Sopra la panca la capra campa,
sotto la panca la capra crepa.
Trentatre trentini attenti
trotterellando a Trento van.
In un piatto poco cupo
poco pepe pisto cape.



SENIOR PRIZE ESSAY

LETTERS

Sept. 5, 1981

Dear Grandma,

We are all settled into our new home at last. All the furniture from our old house has been placed in various rooms and we have begun our daily routines. I was really mad at first because John got the attic and I've always wanted to have a bedroom in the attic. Instead, I was put in the front room right across the hall from my parents' bedroom. I wish I could have been hidden away somewhere where no one could find me. The new house also has backstairs which I thought would be really neat, but they're not winding ones, so I guess they're not that special. The area we are living in is very nice but the school I'm going to is kind of ordinary. The Kids are nice there, but I find them very hard to talk to. Grandma, I hope you are well. I think a lot about our old home and I wonder what my friends are doing. I think I'll go now because I've written many letters today and my hand is "pooped out," as mum would say.

All my love,
Brittany

P.S.: Hope to see you soon!

Sept. 15, 1981

Dear Brittany,

Thank you very much for your letter. You write very well for a girl your age. Last night I had the ladies in for a game of Bridge. It galls me so much when one of them sneezes and fails to put her hand in front of her mouth. You'd think they were all brought up in a pigsty. I swear I will never have chicken again because I really cannot tolerate to see people eating with their fingers; it is just deplorable. Other than that the Bridge game went quite well, though Hazel bickers incessantly about what to bid. Brit dear, I was wondering if you and your family might like to come down for Christmas and see some of your old friends. I'm sure your mother and father would like to get together with their old cronies. There are always heaps of snow around Christmas time down Murray Park Hill. I must tell you that my African violet is blooming like fury and oh, the kettle is boiling. Must go now, my love.

Grandma

Dear Grandma,

Last week we celebrated John's birthday. He's now thirteen years old. He made the basketball team in school, probably because he's so tall. I know he doesn't like school though, because he never works. I hate studying too, and that worries me some. I hope you're feeling better after that nasty cold you caught. I really hope I don't get sick because if I do I might have to have my tonsils taken out like John did. He couldn't talk for a week. He got to eat lots of ice cream. John was given a puppy for his birthday. We call the puppy Jack-in-the-box because he came out of a box but we call him Jack for short. Jack gets two walks a day and he loves to play with plastic toys. I'm really excited about coming to your place for Christmas. I've written some of my old friends and we're getting together for a party. School is going quite well and I've made a few friends but they're really different from my old ones. Mum and dad said they'd bring the plum pudding. I just had my hair cut, but I don't want to talk about it because it's too short.

Love, Brit

Oct. 11, 1981

Dear Brittany,

I had just finished some ironing when the mail came and I received your letter. The mail is so slow these days, probably because of the unions. I've never approved of socialism and I never will. People rely on the government too much these days. During the depression a man would rather have sold his soul than accept unemployment insurance but today people think nothing of accepting charity. Your Grandfather worked very hard to support his family and when there was no money in the house for potatoes we had dumplings instead. I'm only telling you this so you'll always be proud to be a Stedman. It's a fine name and I'm sure you and your brother will always live up to it. These past few days I've been baking some bread and cookies to freeze so that when you come for Christmas the food will be ready for you. Last night I sat on the porch and watched the sun set.

It was so beautiful I decided to sketch it

Oct. 3, 1981

but my hands are all gnarled and it's quite painful to move them. I shouldn't be telling you this, but I feel you're old enough to understand. I hear from your father that your grades in school are quite good. You should try out for the swim team because you always swam so beautifully. Be a good girl!

Love, Grandma

Nov. 2, 1981

Dear Grandma,

I am so mad. John took one of my records, well actually I lent it to him but now he says I gave it to him. That is absolutely not true! I said he could borrow it but I didn't say he could have it. Another thing is, he never helps with the dishes. Whenever mum and dad go out and they say that we're both supposed to do them John never helps, so I have to do them. What a creep! I'm taking piano lessons because mum thinks that it would be beautiful to be able to sit at a piano and just start playing. Practising gives me ulcers but of course mum will never believe that. I started crying once because I didn't know how to play one of the pieces. My teacher makes me learn Bach and Beethoven. That woman lives in the past. The only good thing that's happened lately is that I'm doing a play in school and I have to hug one of the boys in it. He's really cute and I've had a crush on him for a long time. My best friend thinks he's a male chauvinist but I think he's just cool and collected, which is the way I like them. I felt really sorry for this kid in school because he's kind of slow and he's really small and some of the boys hung him up by his belt in the locker room. Even though Jack is John's dog I have to go walk him! It figures doesn't it?

Love, Brittany

Nov. 27, 1981

Dear Brit,

How are you doing? By the sounds of your last letter you have a whole household to take care of. I'm sure the burdens of homemaking are placing a great strain on your frame but I cannot believe that playing the piano gives you ulcers. Why don't you tell your mother that you'd rather play the guitar or something a little more in your line? I'm sorry I haven't written for a while but this darned cough has left me very unenergetic and the doctor has told me to stay in bed for a while. I now have a young girl come in and clean up but I have an invasion of privacy. There is great pride in cleaning and caring for your own possessions. Once you have married you will find that out. I have to laugh though, because once I left my teeth on the bed and when the girl came in to straighten the bed up she almost hit the roof.

An old friend of my husband's, your grandfather, came in the other day. His name is Bob Hanley. He was always a well dressed man and he attended church every Sunday, rain or shine. He brought me some flowers. I can't tell what they are, but they're beautiful. Anyway, just thought I'd scratch off a quick note. Take Care.

Love, Grandma

Nov. 29, 1981

Dear Grandma,

This is the last letter I'll ever write you. I just want you to know that I appreciated your patience with me and I hope that I will be just as needed by my grandchildren as I needed you. It was silly of me but I cried last night hearing that you were gone, but I promise I won't cry at the funeral because I know you never liked that sort of thing. I'm only sorry that we didn't get to spend Christmas with you but I know you'll be

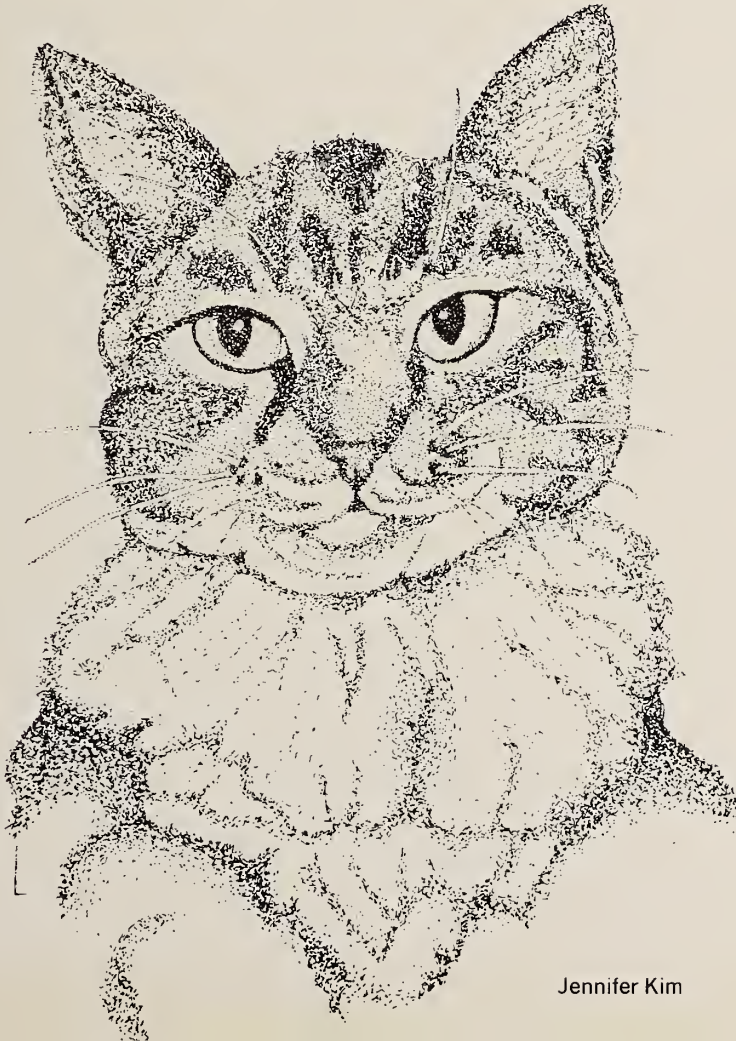
with us in spirit. John's still intolerable, that's a new word I learnt in school, and Jack pees all over the place. Mum and dad lost their curling game on Saturday but they like it because it's such a gentleman's sport. I have to write an essay for my teacher on anything I want, so I think I'll discuss the pleasures of playing the piano. I just thought I'd keep you informed on my activities and tell you that I love you.

Brittany

OXOX

By Karen Stilwell

Essay written in two hours under examination conditions.



JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZES

General Proficiency

Grade 1	Jennifer Burgess	Grade 6	Anne Roe
Grade 2	Alison Borrajo	Grade 7R8	Hayley Avruskin
Grade 3	Jennifer Kerbel	7R9	Gabrielle Hull
Grade 4	Yasmin Abdullah	7R10	Lisa Gelinas
.....	Andrea Green	Grade 8R3	Susan Van Wynen
Grade 5	Jennifer Griffiths	8R4	Sarah Wright
		8R7	Nancy Ross

ALEXANDRA WARD BURSARY FOR MUSIC	Ainsley Moore
ANN BAYLISS CUP FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING	Lisa Gelinas
THE BONE MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR FRENCH IN GRADE 8	Susan Van Wynen
STEPHANIE TELFER MEMORIAL FOR SCHOOL ENTHUSIASM	Dana Warren
ALUMNAE PRIZE FOR OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO THE JUNIOR SCHOOL	Sarah Wright
RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN GRADE 8	Pamela Snively
GRACE MORRIS CRAIG PRIZE FOR ART IN GRADE 7	Ulle Trass, Eleanor Dingle
PUBLIC SPEAKING: GRADES 1, 2, and 3	Jessica Goldberg
PUBLIC SPEAKING: GRADES 4, 5, and 6	Pippa Aird
ESSAY COMPETITION: GRADES 5 and 6	Anne Roe
ESSAY COMPETITION: GRADES 7 and 8	Elizabeth Allingham

SENIOR SCHOOL PRIZES

Badminton Singles	Paula Doyle
Badminton Doubles	Paula Doyle and Eileen McConnell
Swimming Intermediate Champion	Susan Garay
Swimming Senior Champion	Andrea Whiteacre
Tennis Singles	Victoria Bassett
Tennis Doubles	Victoria Basset and Judith McClure
Sports Day Intermediate Champion	Bridget Young
Sports Day Senior Champion	Darcy Bett
Sports Day Open 80 Metre Sprint	Darcy Bett
Athletic Awards Junior	Jane Connor, Kathryn Fullerton, Victoria Hackett, Allison Huycke, Olivia Sampson, Maria Soriano.
Athletic Awards Senior	Bonnie Barnes, Anne Bunting, Beverley Hicks-Lyne, Judith McClure, Kate Wiley, Martha Wilson.
Clan Awards Junior School	Grant
Fraser Award to the Chieftain	Jennifer Cunietti
Clan Awards Senior School	Campbell
McLeod Award to the Chieftain	Mary Morden
Outstanding Achievement in Grade 9	Olivia Sampson
Outstanding Achievement in Grade 10	Jennifer Kim
Outstanding Achievement in Grade 11	Martha Wilson
Grade 12 Fashion Arts	Kate Trusler
Essay Competition, Grades 9 and 10	Catherine Temelcoff
Essay Competition, Grades 11, 12, and 13	Karen Stilwell
The Dorothy Teskey Bursary in Family Studies	Linda Schabereiter
Contribution to Music	Suzanne Toro
Loyal Co-operation in the Residence	Bindu Dennis
Library Service	Jill Palmer
Service to the Debating Society	Lili Hollinrake, Simonetta Lanzi, Margot Wright
Excellence in Debating	Kirsten Munro
Service to the Drama Club	Gwen Baillie
Service to the Slogan	Susan Farrow and Margaret MacMillan

Service to the Kaleidoscope	Martha Younger
Service to the Beta Kappa	Suzanne Beer
Service to the Opheleo	Kathleen Slater
Progress	Janet Cade
The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize for Citizenship	Laurie Gunton
The Edgar Gordon Burton Memorial Prize for Personal Achievement	Nancy Howson
The Carter-Ledingham Prize for Outstanding Contribution to the Senior School	Susan Le Feuvre and Kate Wiley
The Loewen Ondaatje, McCutcheon Prize for Encouragement of Love of Scholarship	Kirsten Munro

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS

The Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for Scholarship in Grade 8	Pamela Snively
The Ruth Caven Memorial Medal for Scholarship in Grade 12	Kelly Hawke
The School Medal for Scholarship in Grade 13	Kirsten Munro
The Governor General's Medal	Jane Moes
The Jean Hume Memorial Medal for Leadership	Bryn MacPherson

ONTARIO SCHOLARS

Annie Chee
Leslie Cole
Tracy Dalglish
Helen el Baroudi
Susan Farrow
Caroline Graham
Elizabeth Joiner
Margaret MacMillan

Bryn MacPherson
Jane Moes
Kirsten Munro
Jill Palmer
Clare Palmer
Laurie Sanderson
Kathleen Slater
Andrea Whiteacre
Kate Wiley
Anne Yendell

GRADE 13

Physics	Winnie Ng
Chemistry	Susan Quaggin
The Helen L. Edmison Memorial Prize for Biology	Kate Wiley
Mathematics	Annie Chee
Contribution to Mathematics	Andrea Whiteacre
Geography	Andrea Whiteacre
Family Studies	Laurie Sanderson
History	Tracy Dalglish
French	Bryn MacPherson
Economics	Jane Moes
The Elizabeth Kilpatrick Memorial Prize for English	Kirsten Munro
The Helene Sandoz Perry Prize for Art	Maureen Dempsey

GRADE 12

Family Studies	Mary Morden
Mathematics - The Dorothy G. Phillips Prize	Lisa Matthews
Mathematics and Accounting	Kelly Hawke
English - The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize	Kelly Hawke
Chemistry	Kelly White
French	Amanda Worley
Geography	Amanda Worley
History	Jennifer Pitman
Art - The Pippa Harris Memorial Prize	Michelle Blundell
Physical Education and Health	Alison Wiley
The School Prize in Latin	Amanda Worley

SPORTS AWARDS

SWIMMING, UNDER 11	Rebecca Moore
JUNIOR	Heather O'Connor
TENNIS JUNIOR SINGLES	Cynthia Mitchell
SPORTS DAY, UNDER 11	Deirdre Hughes
JUNIOR	Sabrina Mitchell

PARTICIPATION PINS

Janice Franklin, Adrienne Grant, Gabrielle Hull, Caroline O'Neill, Sacha Powell.



JUNIOR SCHOOL



JULIE & HEATHER

I just thought Branksome picked me as Junior School Liaison because I was tall and could give lots of Piggy-back rides, but then I found out they knew my heart belonged over there, where I spent my first eight years of school. I knew I was accepted the first week when I was attacked by thirty girls; it was all out of fun, (I think).

I've met a whole bunch of friends this past year over at the J.S., that I'll remember for the rest of my life, though I won't remember ALL the names. I have memories of bruises from Red Rover and stickers from the AMAZING sticker collections.

The Junior School girls helped make my job fun because of their spirit. Hayley needs a big thanks for helping me and also the Clan Chieftains and subs for being the BEST spirit prompters of the school. I also thank Miss Brough, Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Cheeseman.

Lots of love,

Julie

Dear Jr. School;

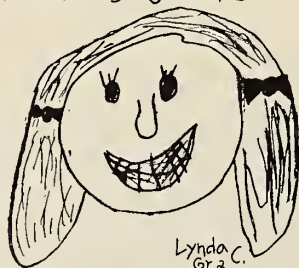
Thanks for all the fun times we have spent together. I enjoyed coming over to your prayers once a week and playing games with you at lunch. It's nice to be with people my own height again. (Julie is far too tall for the job!).

Good luck next year, I will miss you all. Thanks to all the teachers.

Love,

Heather

This is Julie



MISS BROUGH



Our thanks to many people who worked hard during the summer in order that Sherborne House would be ready for the opening day in September. The renovations and decor are just beautiful.

Sherborne houses the junior residence and the primary department. Behind the house is our playground equipment. I can highly recommend the big slide - I still have the bruise on my knee to prove it!

We have had a very good year. The variety of activities offered has been excellent and well attended. We are proud of our school teams. Clan games were exciting and great fun.

To all of you from all of us, a big thank you for making this year a success.

Dorothy Brough and Jr. School Staff



HAYLEY



I would like to take this opportunity to thank the whole Junior School for participating in the wide variety of sports and activities offered this year. Everybody helped me tremendously and without the help of the chieftains, sub-chieftains, teachers and especially Mrs. Cheeseman, I would never have been able to do my job. The prefects also did a wonderful job this year in planning a whole range of fun and exciting events.

As you can see, this year has been fabulous! Keep up with the warm spirit, Branksome!

See you soon,

Hayley



JR. SCHOOL CLAN CHIEFTAINS

We had a terrific year and we hope you enjoyed it as much as we did. We may not have won all our games but our spirit kept us strong. Good luck next year to the new chieftain and new sub-chieftain. Thanks for a super year.

Martha, Becky
Fraser

We have had a fantastic year which was full of fun, excitement and participation. We thank everyone on Bruce for making us what we are - THE BEST! A special thanks to all our budding athletes who came to our games and also to all our enthusiastic cheerers. Thank you for being such a terrific clan and making this year a memorable one. We hope you enjoy your summer and remember we have been the best and we will continue to be so.

Gigi, Daphne
Bruce

Thanks, Grant, for being such an enthusiastic clan this year. We had a great time and we hope you did too. Your participation was incredible and your effort was outstanding. We hope you have as much fun in the years to come. Just a reminder; keep your socks up and your oxfords shined.

Love

M.J. and Colleen
Grant

Congratulations Robertson, for doing so well in all of the school sports. Your spirit and enthusiasm are terrific and the participation in clan games and contests is great. You really tried hard and succeeded in making this year number one. Keep it up in the years to follow! Sincerely,

Fiona, Christina
Robertson

Thanks very much for a terrific year. You were really enthusiastic and your participation was amazing. We know we were all too modest but the entire year we were the best and we're sure we'll continue to be the best. We hope you had a great and noisy year.

Jill, Heather
Johnston

Attention all Duncanites!

Thanks for a year full of spirit and fun; some games we have lost, but we really have won. You've been the best of the clans over here - Next year's chieftains will have nothing to fear! Keep up the good work, let it last through the years, and next year, from the Senior School, we'll still send good luck cheers! Thanks.

Love

Liz and Shawna, Duncan



KINDERGARTEN & GRADE 1



Kindergarten. Fourth Row: Emily Deacon, Carolyn Lang, Amy Greyson, Miss Seixas. Third Row: Geoffrey Bedard, Catherine Bedard, John Sedgwick, Andrew Benitz, Heather Proctor, Cheyne Munk, Jennifer Hyatt, Verena Graf. Second Row: Ellie Hawke, Amanda Marziliano-Van dyke, Patrick Tingley, Nicky Nixon, Robin Hopkins, Michelle Giroux. Front Row: Emily McMehen, Anjali Mazunder, Meling von Moltke-pac, Emily Dyer, Cory Freeman, Alexis Marley, Sarah Linnett, Mrs. Medland.



Grade 1. Top Row: Alexandra Cragg, Jodi Sharpe. Middle Row: Christina Farkas, Sarah Scarlett, Yana le Francois, Lindsay Norberg, Sandrine Gros D'Aillon, Margot Leggett, Margot Massie. Bottom Row: Mrs. Brown, Heather Bennetts, Francoise Ko, Nicole Rowe, Jeanette Seymour.



GRADE 2



Grade 2. Top Row: Erin Heintzman, Alexandra Ejlerskov, Eva Berka, Nikki Hawke. Middle Row: Rebecca Kinton, Lynda Collins, Catherine Kernaghan, Lisa Issenberg, Sarah Kellie, Jenny Burgess, Jennifer Commings, Jessica Joss. Bottom Row: Caroline Hepfer, Lisa le Francois, Sarah Kellie, Natalie Munk, Miss Kane, Sasha Velikov. Absent: Anita Permanand.

GRADE 3 & 4

Grade 3. Top Row: Sasha Seymour, Kelly Burgess. Middle Row: Bronwen Gush, Alison Smith, Gail Goldsack, Samantha Bramson, Anita Permanand, Gillian Avruskin. Sitting: Wendy Bennett, Jessica Smith, Lisa Tweedy, Alison Borrajo, Sarah Bennetts. Standing: Whitney Westwood, Mrs. Beamish, Martha Blakely.



Grade 4. Top Row: Siobhan Barry, Jessica Goldberg, Elena Floros, Ekaterina Velikov, Jennifer Kerbel, Alexandra Birnie, Sarah Woolford. Second Row: Jennifer Scarlett, Sarah Martin, Sacha Powell, Sarah Hull, Lindsay Oughtred, Fiona Griffiths, Alison Booth. First Row: Wendy Tidy, Samantha McLaren, Kerry Walsh, Victoria Murray, Anna Bentley-Taylor, Nathalie Butterfield. Absent: Andaleeb Williamson, Amanda Hopkins.



GRADE 5 & 6



Grade 5. Top Row: Mrs. Clare, Lynda Wulkan, Stephanie Florian, Alison Andrus, Amanda Russell, Jillian Kirchmann, Andrea Green, Alexandra Bramson, Lara Goldsack. Second Row: Angela Tomlinson, Tracy Dyba, Sally Armstrong, Kimberly Allen, Yasmin Abdullah, Michelle Fortnum, Sheila McRae, Vanessa Avruskina. First Row: Alana Smith, Carrie O'Neill, Michelle McMurray, Allyson Kovas, Barbara O'Connor, Alana Cops, Nancy Kitchen.



Grade 6. Top Row: Mrs. Sharpe, Deirdre Hughes, Sally Oughtred, Gigi Worts, Caroline Shier, Joanna Sherman, Mairi-Ann Padmore, Alexis Thomson, Laura Murray, Jane Taylor, Amy Meekinson. Middle Row: Amy Davis, Jennifer Kellie, Sarah Garrow, Tracy Bochner, Lisa Collins, Jennifer Booth, Louise Blundell, Samantha MacDonnell. Bottom Row: Margot Humphrey, Catherine Moore, Jana Whitworth, Jennifer Griffiths, Jennifer Kells, Toby Waxman, Pippa Aird.

GRADE 7



7R8. Top Row: Danielle Holmes, Jennifer Karsh, Rebecca Woods, Hope Nightingale, Anna Christina Carlson, Ania Russocki, Sookie Allen, Avery Bassett, Rebecca Adamson. Second Row: Heather Gellatly, Brigitte Kopas, Alyson Wilson, Alison Deere, Gabrielle McIntire, Susannah Kirkland, Tara Blakely, Catherine Matthews. Bottom Row: Stephanie Wait, Stephanie Garrow, Stephanie Gilbert, Lisa Chamberlin, Andrea Franks, Jean Prichard, Karen Redford.



LISA Brown 7R10

Rain

The rain makes all things beautiful,
The flowers, the grass and the trees,
I love to jump in the puddles,
And soak myself up to the knees.
I think I'll buy a flower,
And water it with rain,
'Cause the rain makes all things beautiful,
Again and again and again.

Suzie McMeans, 7R10

Teachers

There once was a poet named Joe,
who of poetry had nothing to show.
He thought and thought until overwrought,
but his pages remained white as snow.

Lisa Brown, 7R10

Some teachers are tough,
Some teachers are rough,
When we don't do our homework,
Some teachers get furious,
Others get a little curious,
But just Remember This . . .
They're helping us through,
What we have to do.

Suzie Edney, 7R10

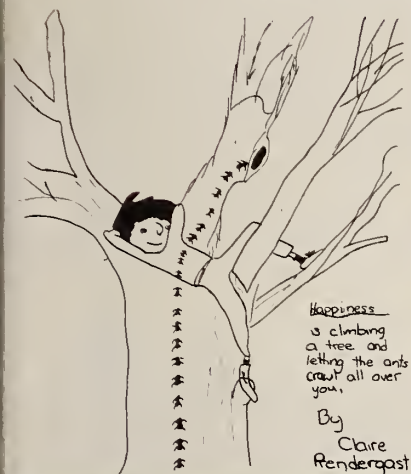


Janet Richardson
7R10



Did you ever stop and wonder
How a little flower grows?
The beauty of its colours,
And the beauty of its glow?
Did you ever stop and wonder
How a little baby grows?
Its tiny little fingers,
And its tiny little toes.
Did you ever stop and wonder?

Susie Kirkland, 7R8



7R9. Top Row: Catherine MacNaughton, Chantal Coury, Stephanie Nobbs, Catherine Milne, Colleen McCutcheon, Clare Vander Meersch, Mary McClenaghan, Stephanie Beamish, Nasim Mawji. Second Row: Samantha Patton, Anne Le Sueur, Claire Moorsom, Fiona Kilby, Sara Ann Cooper, Melissa Manley, Anne Marie Heinrichs, Karen Smith. First Row: Helen Bredin, Rosemary Lawson, Susan Parker, Eleni Gicas, Vanessa Wise, Heather Angus, Michelle Joseph. Absent: Namrita Kohli, Mrs. Provan,



7R10. Top Row: Lisa Riley, Mary Hermant, Andrea Papas, Louise Harwood-Nash, Jane Cathers, Kathryn Wood, Kimberley Korinek, Heather Cartwright. Second Row: Lisa Brown, Adrienne Soles, Claire Prendergast, Tracey Soodeen, Suzanne McMeans, Nicole Lehoczy, Tracy Montgomery, Janet Richardson. First Row: Lisa Hogg, Jennifer Muirhead-Gould, Suzanne Edney, Danielle Kuczer, Hilary Wells, Stephanie Carter, Shelagh Grant, Lorna Wilson. Absent: Joanna Bancroft.



Tracey Soodeen
7R10.
Duncan.

GRADE 8

8R3. Top Row: Mrs. Willingham, Hayley Avruskin, Jill McGavin, Martha Henderson, Carol Cameron, Vivi Floros, Christina Volgyesi, Heather Gray, Christina Meynell, Alexandra Wright. Second Row: Ulle Trass, Jacqui Allard, Heather McDermott, Shawna Cass, Janet Anthony, Lisa Korthals, Samantha Seagram, Andra Freiberg. Front Row: Alicia Vogl, Joyce Kite, Angela McArthur, Gretel Mitchell, Colleen Silver, Alison Papas, Jacqui Sanz, Vee Ledsen.



Gretel Mitchell



Katie Cheeseman
Grade 8



8R4. Top Row: Maria Busquets, Monica Moles, Emily Long, Angela van Straubenzee, Nicole Szebeny, Daphne King, Sloan Mauran, Lesley Hinder, Melissa Hall, Heather Manley, Mrs. Thomson. Second Row: Miranda de Pencier, Christy Ann Dyba, Lindsey Shaw, Mary Jane Peirce, Tamara Long, Robynne Bradshaw, Gabrielle Hull, Valerie Helbronner, Jodi Allen. First Row: Susan Hanley, Jane Lockhart, Victoria Thomson, Christina Zeidler, Andrea Dorfman, Samantha Sharpe.





Colleen
Silver
Grade 8R3



Uile Trass
Grade 8



Spring

Spring is fresh with a dewy
wet ground;
Spring is warm with the
sun streaming down;
Spring is an umbrella going
up when it rains;
Spring is the pitter-patter
that sounds on my pane;
Spring is the green leaves
that appear on the trees;
Spring is the very best
season to me.

Lindsay Claire Shaw, 8R4



Monica Price, 8R5



8R7. Top Row: Fiona Baird, Otilie Nienkamper, Ruth Hughes, Laura Pink, Seana Massey, Desiree Schroer, Randa Hassaan, Deedee Poulton, Lisa Gelinas, Katherine Cheeseman. Second Row: Elizabeth Wood, Jennifer Law, Rebecca Moore, Laura Tweedy, Gillian Frise, Robin Richardson, Danielle Perron, Adrienne Brown. First Row: Flavia Orellana, Brenda Molle, Sarah Hennessy, Shelagh Sturtridge, Moira Cameron, Gina Smith, Elizabeth Allingham, Karilyn Taylor.

JUNIOR CHOIR

Top Row: Kerry Walsh, Nancy Kitchen. 4th Row: Louise Harwood-Nash, Elizabeth Wood, Kathryn Wood, Jennifer Muirhead-Gould, Randa Hassaan, Nicole Lehoczky, Lisa Gelinas, Adrianne Brown, Moira Cameron, Rebecca Adamson, Sarah Hull, Stephanie Wait, Heather McDermott, Hope Nightingale, Jennifer Karsh. 3rd Row: Adrienne Soles, Lisa Collins, Miranda de Pencier, Jennifer Kellie, Fiona Baird, Margot Humphrey, Tara Blakely, Gabrielle McIntire, Susannah Kirkland, Stephanie Florian, Tracy Dyba, Jillian Kirchmann, Andrea Green, Jana Whitworth, Amanda Russell. 2nd Row: Leslie Brown, Tracy Bochner, Amy Meekison, Ekaterina Velikov, Sarah Woolford, Sacha Powell, Samantha McLaren, Jennifer Kerbel, Jessica Goldberg, Elena Floros. 1st Row: Andaleeb Williamson, Alexandra Birnie, Wendy Tidy, Lindsay Oughtred, Natalie Butterfield, Fiona Griffiths, Anna Bentley-Taylor.



Thanks everybody, especially Mrs. Willingham, for making this Choir year such a success. Nicky and I had no trouble with people coming to practices which also helped a lot. I want to thank everyone in the choir for singing so well in the Carol Service. We were all worried that we would not do well, but I had many compliments from teachers and parents saying how well you all did. I am so pleased! Thanks again for so much, Miranda de Pencier.

MADRIGAL GROUP

Whether we were flat or sharp, Mrs. Willingham always put up with the 1981-'82 Madrigal Group. She had a few more singers than usual but all in good tune and cheer. Meeting every week at 12:30 was lots of fun and Mrs. Willingham always seemed to have a trick or two up her sleeve that would make us giggle and start us off on the right note.

I would like to congratulate all Grade 8 Madrigal singers and to give a special thanks to Mrs. Willingham, without whom this group of talented singers wouldn't have been possible (Or as good!).

Seana Massey

Top Row: Angela Van Straubenzee, Seana Massey, Lisa Gelinas, Samantha Seagram. Middle Row: Nicole Szebeny, Laura Tweedy, Robynne Bradshaw, Carol Cameron, Karilyn Taylor. Bottom Row: Moira Cameron, Elizabeth Allingham, Danielle Perron, Mrs. Willingham, Jacqueline Allard.



DRAMA



Drama Club.

Top Row: Susan Hanley, Gillian Frise, Robynne Bradshaw, Leslie Hinder, Heather Cartwright. Middle Row: Heather Manley, Robin Richardson, Melissa Hall, Christina Volgyesi, Tamara Long. Bottom Row: Stephanie Garrow, Suzanne McMeans, Andrea Franks, Seana Massey, Jane Cathers, Lisa Riley, Jane Lockhart.

This year's Drama Club has been a little different. Instead of doing plays, we improvised, meaning we didn't practise our mini skits. So far it has been a super success, thanks to Helene, and we hope it will continue to be super!

The Drama Club

DEBATING



Debating

Fourth Row: Kathryn Wood, Kimberley Korinek, Lisa Gelinas, Lesley Hinder, Melissa Hall, Samantha Sharpe, Elizabeth Wood. Third Row: Catherine Matthews, Lorna Wilson, Anna Russocki, Shelagh Sturtridge, Hayley Avruskin, Fiona Baird. Second Row: Heather Gellatly, Alyson Wilson, Brigitte Kopas, Susan Parker, Tally Chamberlain, Karen Redford. First Row: Margot Humphrey, Stephanie Gilbert, Stephanie Garrow, Danielle Holmes, Danielle Zuczer, Claire Prendergast, Susannah Kirkland, Gabrielle McIntire, Lisa Brown.

The Debating Club this year was quite a success. Attendance was excellent, and everyone participated wholeheartedly.

Our topics this year ranged from the traditional "red is better than blue" to an intriguing and controversial "should the Carol Service be abolished?!" Both sides of all our debates were represented quite convincingly. Debates against the Senior School and other schools were fun and interesting and they helped to season us as debators.

Mrs. Hollenberg, Mrs. Hay, and Mrs. Provan helped us in many ways. They straightened us out on various grammatical and debating errors and coached us in our discussions.

At the beginning of First Term, we were an inexperienced bunch, but now the Debating Club is a group of confident, capable debators. It was a really great year!

Lisa Gelinas

LIBRARY



Top Row: Samantha Seagram. Middle Row: Alexandra Wright, Sloan Mauran. Bottom Row: Andra Freiberg, Jacqueline Sanz.

This year the Library Club has been a marvellous one. Thanks to Alexandra, Samantha, Sloan, and Andra for all their help. The Junior School library has been kept in tip top shape. The members have worked every morning, lunch hour and after school. All members have been working together to accomplish these various duties: Book shelving, date-due card stamping, carding, and tidying shelves. Although the group may seem small it is a super one. With the help from Mrs. Hollenberg, this year's club has been a most hard working and superb one. With the new calendar-clue program the library club has more to do than ever. Fortunately we are coping with it well.

Keep up the great work!

Jackie Sanz

JUNIOR FACES



Mrs. E. Troyan



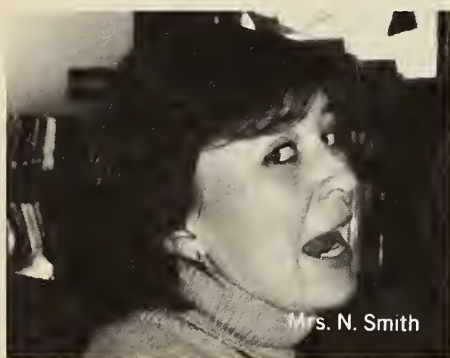
Mrs. K. Wayne



Mrs. D. Willingham



Brown



Mrs. N. Smith



Mrs. M. Clare

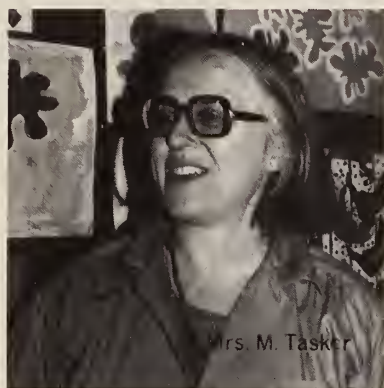


Mrs. K. Bromish





Mme M. Dean



Mrs. M. Tasker



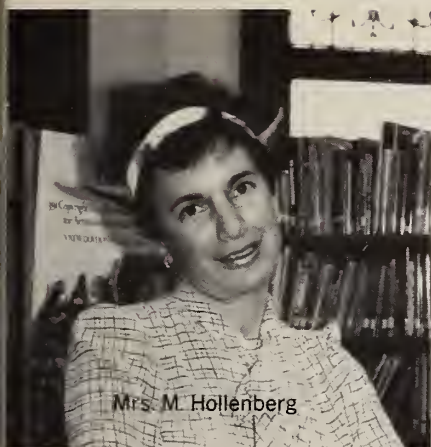
Mrs. V. Prins



Miss K. Kane



Mrs. D. Chilton

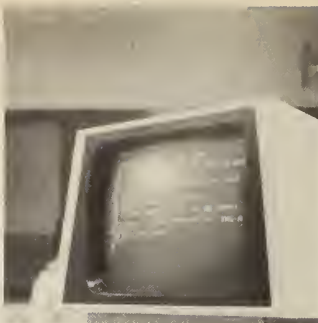


Mrs. M. Hollenberg



Mrs. L. Cheeseman





ACTIVITIES AND SPECIAL TIMES

BETA KAPPA

"Dancing is wonderful training for girls. It's the first way you learn what a man is going to do before he actually does it." Christopher Morley.

Many of the Branksomites thought this training worthy of pursuit! We began with the Ramabai Rout. A very large number of people attended this open costume dance and we were able to make generous contributions to the Opheleo Society.

Buses were arranged throughout the year to S.A.C., T.C.S. and Lakefield. We appreciated the generous donations of time by senior students, staff and housemothers who acted as chaperones.

The Formal was at the Rosedale Golf Club on March 5. Mrs. Shaver - staff advisor, - Kathryn Buleychuk - vice-pres., - Carol Brebner and Mary Gayner made all of this possible.

Beta Kappa is truly one activity in which everyone in the school can become involved. In the words of Lewis Carroll:

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"

Julee Robertson, President

Top Right: Kathryn Buleychuk, Mary Gayner, Carol Brebner, Julee Robertson. Facing: Beta Kappa.



OPHELEO

Well, now we know they didn't just join for the Reese's Peanut Butter Cups! The success of the Opheleo Society has been due to the hard work and creative imaginations of all involved.

Canvassing for the United Way had a very good response as did the Raffle Ticket sale to raise money for the Mentally Retarded Association. No father was able to escape our ticket selling talents at the Father-Daughter Dance. We raised \$2030 during Ramabai Week, making this year our best show ever. The Grade 12's raised the most money with their chocolate chip cookie sale and grub day.

Of course, no one could resist the chocolate-covered almonds and peanut butter cups we sold! Christmas caroling expeditions to Fudger Home and Bellmont House helped brighten the lives of our Senior citizens.

In the spring, we sold roses for the Heart Fund and carnations for the M.S. Society.

It was an excellent year for the Society thanks to the executive, Lili Hollinrake - vice-pres. and my "right hand woman" - and to Mrs. Davidovac for her help and support as staff advisor.

Jenny Pitman, President

P.S.: Remember: no I.O.U.'s!

Above Right: Jenny Pitman, Lili Hollinrake. Facing: The Opheleo Society.



SENIOR CHOIR



The first week back to school, the choir took off on the traditional trip up North to Camp Couchiching. This weekend was filled with great memories and fun and games and, of course, loads of work. Then came the Carol Service, a service we all slaved for. But . . . this work was well worth it! However, none of this would have been possible without the expertise of Mr. Jordan, our well-loved and respected Choir Master and without our Secretary-Treasurer, Barb Ward, whose helpful hand saved us from many catastrophes. Well, this has been a very memorable year for me as I know it has been for you.

We'll lose some of our fellow singers, but irreplaceable as they are, next year I'm sure there will be many who are just dying to join. Keep up the good work and "Keep Reaching for The Stars!"

Your Choir President: Kim Cramer.



MUSIC CLUB



Last year (and it was about time) a group of determined girls got together and formed the Music Club. Finally, we have what we can honestly say is a permanent and successful organization.

Throughout the year, we did have a few set backs, though, like keeping in tune (still flat) or trying to convince the workmen that we were in the portables legally. Memorable words of wisdom could be heard coming from the portables during our Thursday meetings such as: "We need more stuff for the Music Show," "Heather, do you want to do something in prayers - AGAIN?"

"That's fantastic Dianne! We need more Classical Music," "Who plays the drums," or the old standby announcement: "Anyone who has a drop of musical talent..."

But still, we were successful! Many thanks to Mrs. Strangway and Mr. Jordan for their help in the music show (which we hope will become a tradition). Good luck to the Music Club in the future and hopes that it will hereinafter flourish and abound.

Christie Baillie and Cynthia Swinden



DRAMA CLUB

I find it very difficult to write about an event that has not yet taken place. This is the situation that I found myself in when I first sat down to write this piece. You, however, reading this in June, have seen the Branksome Hall extravaganza known as "You Can't Take It With You." Therefore, I would be pleased to receive all comments on it. Send along your compliments to Post Office Box 5, Station Q, Willowdale. If you include a self-addressed stamped envelope you will receive, as an extra bonus, a Ronco patty-stacker that has been carefully embossed in imitation gold lettering with the autographs of the entire "You Can't Take It With You" cast. And now on to the business at hand, namely a discussion of the Drama Club of the 1981-1982 season.

We knew that this year was not going to be an average one at the outset. During the fall, when Mrs. Smith left to have little Andrea Louise we were put in the capable hands of Miss Friend as well as a production team, who will not stop short of perfection. We also have an incredible set, light, and costume crew. With all these terrific people, there is no possible way for this play to fail. We have overcome some seemingly insurmountable odds and have remained outwardly calm about the disasters. As various club members have stated, the only serious problem this year was the shortage of donuts.

Julia Weinstein, Head

Debating

This year we've tried to increase interest in Debating. We feel we've accomplished our goal due to the school's tremendous enthusiasm.

Intramural debating has provided the opportunity for the novice and inexperienced debator to be given a chance to debate.

We've had many successes this year, few failures; but, win or lose, we maintained high standards. We have had a large variety of people who took the opportunity to participate in tournaments. To name a few memories: Appleby, UTS, UCC, St. Clements, Havergal, TCS!!, SAC, and at home: Metros.

Thanks to all the budding Betty Crockers, tenacious timers, marvelous Mme. speakers, juggling judges and of course our dynamic debators. And special thanks must go to Mrs. Zommers, Mrs. McRae, our parents and each other, thank you, thank you.

Janice and Susan, Co-Heads



DEBATING





THE KILT PRESS

At the beginning of first term, shortly after the completion of our "Back to School Edition" the four of us sat down at our first editorial meeting. With the indispensable voice of Mrs. Blake, our very own moderator, proofreader, and defender, we defined our objectives and plans for this year's newspaper.

Among other things we decided to separate the paper into three sections: sports, comments and clans. The Editorial would be on rotation; one person would be in charge of comments, another of clans and two on sports because of its size.

Probably the most noticeable change was the decision to switch the paper's name from the two year old Kaleidoscope to the KILT PRESS (with thanks to Mrs. McRae). At this time we also decided to provide an award for the winning clan of the school Cross-Country.

Actually, running the Kilt Press was not as clear cut as it seems. It always seemed that the paper had to come out the same week that each of us had three tests and a term essay. However, we managed in spite of 'pressing academic responsibilities,' allergic reactions, inkspills, constant cases of the munchies and one blinded eye, not to mention irate groups of grade 13's, coaches and other school minority groups seething over our occasionally controversial issues.

The job was not without its excitement. Besides avoiding the above mentioned lobbies, we spent our time pretending to be secretaries, learning to spell in Miss Roach's office and phoning the managing editor of THE GLOBE AND MAIL to settle our editorial wars.

All in all it was terrific fun. Good luck to next year's crew!

Top Left Picture: The Editors: Jill Curtis, Maggie Hermant, Wendy Buchanan, Meredith Cartwright. Staff Advisor: Mrs. A. Blake.



LIBRARY CLUB

DEAR FELLOW LIBRARIANS:

Thank you Ai Chun, Amanda, Andrea, Anita, Beth, Cheryl, Chris, Diane, Edith, Heather, Jennifer, Kathleen, Lesley, Liz D., Liz S., Marianne, Peggy, Randi and Sky for your loyal and faithful help. You've been great, especially Sky and Edith, with your persuasiveness in selling books for Branksome to poor unsuspecting parents. Congratulations. Never before has the support from Grade 13's for the library been so dinosauric. (I just had to put that last word in). Well, the end has come for most of you, since no longer will you be able to obtain my ever famous cookies which I only make for library meetings. Take care and keep shelving.

Love,
Robin, Head Librarian



WRITING CLUB

These We Have Loved: (With Apologies to Rupert Brooke)

White sheets of untouched paper;
Polished cherries; feeling safer;
Shining nails, laquered bright;
Jokes when we cannot stop laughing;
Praise for a thing well done;
A rule imaginatively broken;
Barry Manilow singing about love;
A soft eiderdown and a bed of brass;
Sultry smiles on painted faces;
Cool wine on a day by myself;
The drunk silent moments of love;
The smell of oak in a burning hot sauna;
A secret sleep in the middle of the day;
The idea of hang gliding from the highest mountain;
Maxwell House coffee brewing slowly;
Chocolate brownies after dieting;
The massage of my toes on a tired day;
Plush jewellery boxes;
Peanut butter;
Robert Redford;
Conquering words;
The final school bell;
The writing club;
The beginning of summer . . .

The Writing Club



The writing club has been in existence now for a year and a half. Despite its youth, the enthusiasm and accomplishments of our Monday afternoon meetings are evident. Since we are a small group, the club is very informal and we are able to discuss and read our work out for criticism.

We tried during the year to do a variety of writing, both in prose and in poetry. To broaden our knowledge, we studied the lives of writers and their works. We also invited speakers who talked to us about their work and showed us differences in styles of writing.

An interesting aspect of the writing club is that we chose

what we wanted to do and, for the most part, each of us had her wish. The contests we entered provided the necessary pressure for good writing and all the little exercises and practice provided the necessary skills.

I hope the writing club will continue to be as worthwhile and fun a club as it was this year and will consist of an equally talented and original group. Special thanks to Mrs. Levitt for keeping us interested and for always keeping her sense of humour!

Simonetta, President

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB



COMPUTER CLUB



Both the Photography and the Computer Clubs, the newest additions to the list of Branksome Clubs and headed by Mr. Ball, were intrinsic to the successful outcome of the Slogan. The Computer club complemented our theme. The Photo club contributed and developed pictures for us or, at least, provided the dark room for the use of our photographers.

Special thanks to these two clubs and especially to Mr. Ball for all of his excellent pictures and advice.

The Eds.



THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The Alumnae Association office is located at # 16 Elm Ave., former residence of all our principals, including Miss Roach.

Although most Alumnae work as volunteers for the Association, the workload has increased as the School itself has enlarged. The School, placing increasing emphasis on the importance of its Alumnae, has seen fit to hire a Secretary/Co-ordinator, Dodi Robinette MacNeill '45, with the Alumnae supplying a part-time assistant, Norah Corrigan Mills '63.

Their work is varied, dealing with all Alumnae activities. Their main job, however, is to keep track of the constantly moving Alumnae (more than 3200 plus our 1300 Losts), going back to the first grads of 1905. Having found them, the staff keeps them informed as to what is happening in the School and to their friends through the Alumnae Newsletter. The staff also act, with the help of their Student Year Reps., Amanda Worley and Anne Louise Genest, as liaison between the School and the Alumnae.

The Alumnae staff is presently in the process of setting up a network or filing system listing the careers, volunteer experience and special interests and talents of the Alumnae so that it can be of help to Branksome when it is in need of special expertise for such occasions as this year's Career Day.

The Alumnae Staff





ALUMNAE REPS.

As student Alumnae Representatives, we act as a liaison between the school and the Alumnae. We attend monthly meetings with the Alumnae Executive at Miss Roach's house and we report on any school happenings and developments in school. We promote Alumnae events such as the Bazaar and the Art Show, both of which were very successful this year. We were impressed with how much work the Alumnae puts into the school and we realized just how much Branksome benefits.

We have enjoyed working with Mrs. Read, the Alumnae President, and Mrs. MacNeill. They have been very helpful and we appreciate their support and advice.

Anne Louise Genest
and Amanda Worley

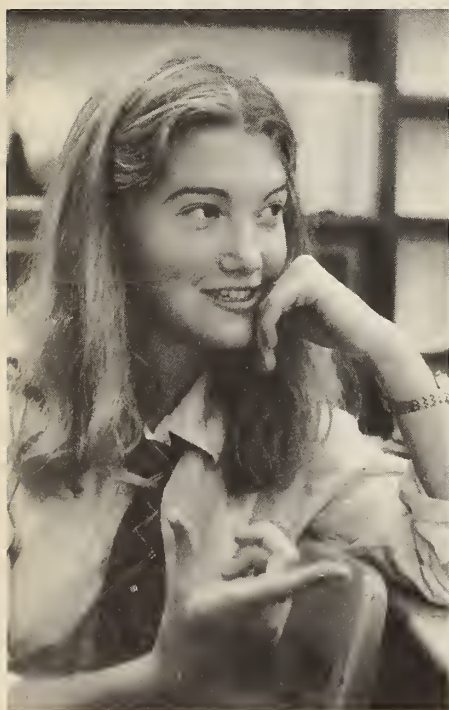


Fun, laughter, a cheerful aura and a really special person best describes Dot. Dot Seixas has had an interesting life. She spent her early life in Mexico and upon returning to Toronto, went to St. Clement's. In the business world Dot worked for The Bank of Nova Scotia and Brazilian Traction. Her first work with small children began at Manor Road Nursery School where Dot played the piano for Mary McFarlane Smith (old girl). Dot also played for Edith Wilkin's dancing classes for many years.

Dot began at Branksome in January of 1943 and has given a lot of love, fun and joy to many children during her thirty-nine years in the kindergarten. For eighteen years Dot has spent afternoons working at The Toy Shop and brought to them an extensive clientele through her students, parents, grandparents and many friends. About ten years ago Dot decided she really was tired of having her name so mixed up and misspelled, so she chose a new one, "Miss Sneezepickle," and there is not one student who will ever forget this special person with the special name.



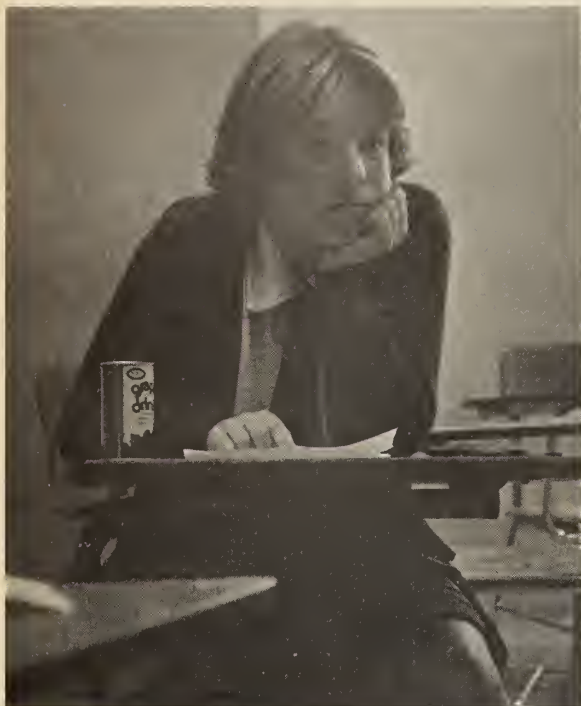
AND THEN THERE WERE...



... FRIENDS



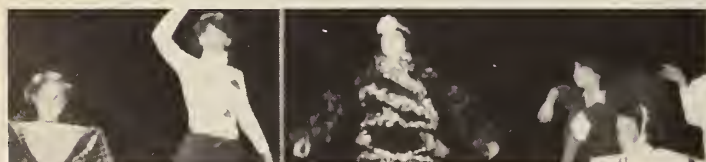
AND



MOMENTS ...



CHRISTMAS TIME



WASHINGTON

The Grade Eights set off on the "Washington Trip" in the middle? - of the night on Monday, November 2. After a border stop at Lewiston, New York, we headed straight for the Pennsylvania Rest Area where we had our picnic lunch. From there, we drove the rest of the way nonstop to Falls Church, Virginia. Falls Church is just across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. and as we neared our Quality Inn, we had a glimpse of the capital city from across the water.

Days 2 and 3 were spent touring Washington, D.C. During this time we saw the United States Capitol, the White House, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the National Archives, the Washington Monument, the Smithsonian Buildings and the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials.

In the afternoon of Day 3 we headed for Richmond, making a stop at Mt. Vernon, the home of George Washington. All the girls were amazed by this magnificent home and the gardens were beautiful. As a final stop on Day 3, we took a tour of the Richmond State Capitol which was designed by Thomas Jefferson.

Day 4 was spent in the Colonial town of Williamsburg, Va. This was especially interesting and we spent the whole day touring. We visited an old tavern, bakery, millinery shop, jail, palace and even a small schoolroom. At the end of the day, we had an hour and a half to do some shopping. All of the stores were fantastic.

On Day 5 we had a lovely tour of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. This is a new stop on the Grade Eight trip thanks to Miss Healey, who 'discovered' it this summer. We learned a lot about Thomas Jefferson. Following this we went on to Gettysburg where we took a tour of the battlefields and the city. Later that night, we went shopping at Gettysburg and saw some buildings that had been standing since the 1850's.

The last day was spent driving - with a brief stop in Corning. Here we could do some last minute shopping and go into the museum to view some spectacular pieces of glass craftsmanship.

But the dream ended when the buses pulled up outside Sherborne House twenty minutes early. Some of us were faced with a half hour in the freezing cold, lugging around heavy and numerous pieces of our luggage for our parents! But it was an interesting and exciting end to the best Grade Eight trip ever. Thanks a lot, Mrs. Hay, for organizing the trip. We hope you, too, have some happy memories.

Luv,
Elizabeth Allingham

QUEBEC

The Quebec Trip

The grade 7 Quebec trip was a very successful one. Everyone had fun and it was quite educational. Grade 7 went to Shelburne, Vermont and Quebec City. I thought the Fort Ticonderoga and the Shelburne Museum in Vermont were the most interesting places we visited; Fort Ticonderoga because it had a fantastic collection of antiques. There was even a skeleton and a scalp of a person. The Shelburne museum was appealing to many students. It had collections of old dolls and precious carriages. Mothers and teachers of students came along, too. Two mothers were assigned to a group of children. The hotels grade 7 stayed in were fancy, also. In the evenings kids went out with friends to eat and shop around. The trip home was most tiring for everyone. Some students were anxious to go home and some were sad to leave. Mrs. Hay is a great tour guide and teacher.

Namrita Kohli
7R9



NEW YORK, NEW YORK

The New York trip consisted of Grade 12 Art, Geography and Drama students. It was certainly a trip to remember. From the dregs of the sanitation department, the unexcelled art of the Guggenheim Museum to behind the scenes of the glorious 'Radio City,' each of us experienced New York in our own fashion. Some of the more memorable features were: The Metro, subways, Lincoln Centre, the Waldorf Astoria, good ol' Howard Johnsons, ice cream, delis, Champale, A Night in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine, Album, A Chorus Line, The New York experience, BLOOMINGDALES, Gucci, taxis, Greenwich Village, Parsons, the statue of Liberty, no sleep, Harlem, Central Park, rain, walking . . . walking, getting LOST, Brooke Shields, Time Square, U.N., SAKS, Mama Leoni's, people, Fiorucci, World Trade Centre, Walkmans, and forty very tired girls on the airplane on the way home.

Thank you Miss Bell, Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Smith for an experience I'm sure we'll never forget.

Karen Hurrell

BEHIND THE SEENS



Jack Ramsden. He coaches both amateur and professional long distance swimmers and is the president of the Ontario Association of Solo Swims (Lake Ontario). Consequently, he looks after the boilers and the pool at Branksome and is always ready to drive kids on school trips and outings.

Mr. Roy Savoie. His hobbies are carpentry and making children's furniture which makes him responsible for the carpentry side of keeping the school going. He is a member of the Lion's Club.

John Preston. His official job in the school is locksmith. His hobbies are sketching and doodling.

Thanks to each of them for keeping the school standing and for being ready and willing to help us at all times!



The Cleaning Staff



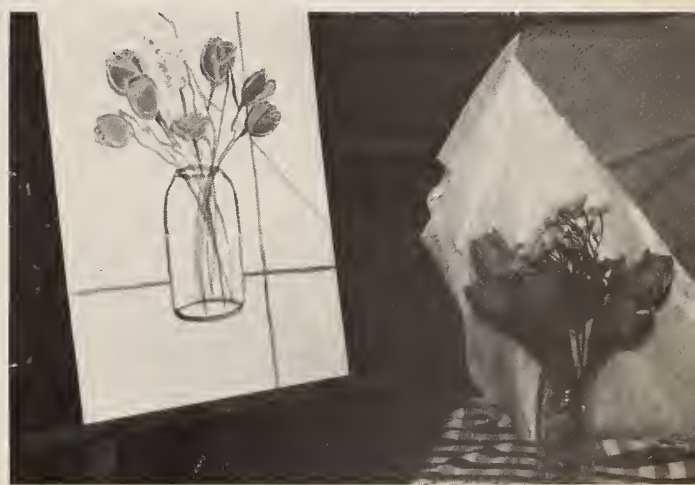
School Nurses: Right: Patricia Kiteley, R.N.
Left: Muriel MacDonald.



Lights, Camera, Action Crew (Prayers)
Back Row: Ingrid Taylor, Miss Brown, Meg Tytler,
Elektra Vrachas, Jennifer Fitzgerald, Hayley Wymes.
Front Row: Sue Donahue, Heather Harwood-Nash.



Lights, Camera, Action Crew (Drama)
Back Row: Vicky Peters, Margaret Hill, Fiona
Dightam, Robyn Ross, Jane Palmer, Maggie Her-
mant. Front Row: Elizabeth Elder, Suzanne el
Baroudi, Tessa Phillips, Rachel Horne, Sarah Taylor,
Teresa Hoefenmayer.



GRADS: MOST LIKELY TO...

Susan Quaggin - discover the wonders of a hairbrush.
 Karen Hurrell - be an innocent husband beater.
 Meribeth Read - be the silent instigator.
 Julie Allan - be Branksome's first P.A. system.
 Michelle Blundell - be Julie Allan's understudy.
 Margot Wright - throw her husband a hen party.
 Kathryn Buleychuk - pitch a tent in front of Donut World.
 Dalene Snyder - get lockjaw with a smile on her face.
 Lili Hollinrake - be covered in honey'n nuts and sitting in a bowl of milk.
 Lisa Matthews - marry Timothy Hutton.
 Leslie Catalano - be pilot of a Concorde.
 Anne Louise Genest - be skiing high in the Rockies.
 Jenny Pitman - be president of Toby's.
 Kelly Hawke - be owner of "Le Club Mo."
 Mary Gayner - be next member of the "Rough Trade."
 Andrea Chlebus - replace Brooke Shields on the cover of "Vogue."
 Andrea Dods - be the next Anne Landers.
 Pam Robertson - have sore vocal cords.
 Nancy Leonard - marry J.Z. and divorce him the same day.
 Ceci Leigh - get a flat tire on the last lap in the Olympics.
 Trish Hall - get stuck in a stalled green Honda.
 Dena Kypreos - swim the English Channel twice.
 Vicki Forbes - make designer clothes for Snoopy.
 Robin Howell - become Mrs. Von Buttercup.
 Simonetta Lanzi - sell leather goods on a street corner.
 Martha Dingle - write The Preppy Handbook Volume II.
 Kathryn Montgomery - be everybody's pal.
 Heather Allen - become first female Globetrotter.
 Amanda Brighton - get an honours degree in basket weaving at Bangladesh University.
 Liz Stuart - be baking cookies for her next door neighbour.
 Laurie Hrushowy - become Commanding Officer.
 Andrea Masters - marry Felix Unger.
 Edith Chang - become first portable computer.
 Margo Nesbitt - become Branksome's first poster girl.
 Amanda Worley - own a Baskin-Robbins' Franchise.
 Nancy Lawson - become lead singer for 'Queen.'
 Carol Brebner - to rewrite the Scarsdale Diet book to include chocolate chip cookies.
 Alison Wiley - be in the Olympics for mud wrestling.
 Sarah Mustard - be a Grand Prix auto racer.
 Aneeta Dayal - jump off the C.N. Tower screaming "Yee-ha!"
 Randi Robertson - teach grade 13 math and have her students help her.
 Sky Lamothe - have a world exhibition of Coke cans.
 Ai Chun Tang - become an eye surgeon.
 Mindy Wiltshire-Gibson - become a katuy.
 Karen and Ingrid Taylor - get a punk haircut.
 Mary Anne Wurtzburg - own a fashion boutique called Ingrid's.
 Karen Stilwell - not to conform.
 Julee Robertson - be President of the St. George's Ladies Guild.
 Kate Trusler - be having a tea 'n toast overdose.
 Lisa Beer - continue to grin her way out of anything.
 Cassandra Roncarelli - become the most active alumnae.
 Christie Baillie - ride away on a unicorn.
 Anita Lin - paint Chinatown red.
 Martha Younger - marry a senior citizen.
 Lesley Juniper - have the first baby.
 Patty O'Connor - live on a farm with lots of chickens.
 Heather Harwood-Nash and Susie Donahue - be the first Siamese twins in medical history to be rejoined.
 Kathy Douglas - be a lunar landscape artist.
 Leslie Hore - marry a basketball player and divorce him.
 Mary Morden - be the president of the P.T.A.
 Vera Lo - where is she anyway???
 Laurie Lupton - found in front of her fireplace with a perma-grin.
 Nancy Vernon - marry and divorce for large sums of money.
 Muff Cathers - end up in the wrong places at the wrong times, always.
 Sarah Chisholm - ride away into the sunset with Prince Andrew.
 Shaenie Colterjohn - be mistaken for Mary.
 Kathy Stinson - run out of jokes.
 Fiona Dightam - fall in love with Algebra later in life.
 Kati Hickl-Szabo - be madly in love . . . AGAIN.
 Michelle Goodman - regret enjoying life to the extremes.
 Gwen Baillie - be Dudley Moore's understudy.
 Sandra Littlefair - be the first human to become a Police car.
 Kathleen Pilley - begin a Knitters Anonymous club.
 Cathy Larkin - be a big fat typical mother.
 Sue Shaw - develop a new formula for sun screen lotion.

GRADUATE ???

INSIDE ~ OUT



The Formal Graduation on June 11, 1981 - The Formal Wedding on July 19, 1981.



Computers come to BHS - The Space Arm reaches the moon.



Susan (1st) and Simonetta (5th) work as a team to put BHS in 1st place at the Metros - The Constitution is debated and passed in the Supreme Court of Canada.



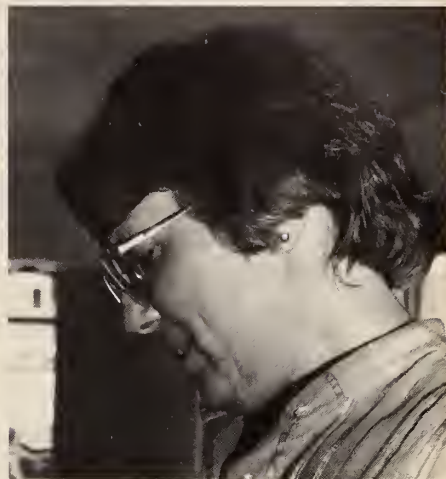
Entangled wool and complicated stitches and gorgeous sweaters invade the Common Room - Rubik's Cube entangles the minds of many and Walkmans invade the street.

Did you know

that a total of ninety courses are offered in the Senior School to a total of six hundred and thirty-three girls, ninety of whom are boarders, who are taught by a total of forty teachers and who spent forty-eight thousand minutes in school days (8:45-3:30) at Branksome whose Alumnae Association made over ten thousand dollars at the Branksome Bazaar and over three thousand at the Art Show, all in the school year nineteen eighty-one to nineteen eighty-two?

GOTCHA!!





Monday mornings, 165 school days 'till summer!,
Eating, Knitting, Grade Nine Initiation, Spirit,
Mork, Mindy and Mearth, Bette Davis Eyes, Disco's
Out, Chuck and Di, Constitution, Sandra O'Connor,
Rubik's Cube, Raiders of the Lost Ark, Reports,
Inflation, Hallowe'en Dance, Carol Practices,
Earthquakes, Xmas Angels, Florida, Exams, Blues,
Sony Walkman, Superman II, Space Shuttle, 1982!,
New postal rates, new TTC fares, Bob & Doug, eh?
Take off!, Lacoste Alligators, Solidarity, Sadat,
Hostages, Poland, the Pope and Reagan wounded,
Incredible cold, Spy Game, Pressure, the Formal!,
No snow??, Choir trip, Metro finals, the play,
Guaranteed exemptions?, Space Invaders (Video),
Slogan signing, Senior Graduation, summer . . .



AOS

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Anyways, like we basically sorta wish
all you guys alot of luck. Like, hopefully
you'll get it!

McMac/2

Non semper ea sunt quae videntur

- Phaedrus

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To each her own, the silver line in each dark
cloud is shown. In times of need, in times of love
and war, those doors just opened wide and
healed the sore. A boundless field of flowers,
true blue forget-me-nots: The mind, the soul,
the heart, the words mean lots. The future
brings to you as you have done, true friends,
bright dreams and always lots of fun. 'Bye - Sal.

Srehcnum Enin Moor

!He ffo ekat, hcrats ?xela, ecnarf-yttik bus
marwy, aeb & civ !he hsittocs-yram !rekrop
ldnel ?luap, yelims, yppah-etak esuom,
mahyarg, reppop llip-htur ytrap taerg, oop ztulc
?!?refelk-ynram reerrr, star, bus, nun, ccu,
luap-ycrad gnits, erehwesle ti stoohs, sdnah-
enaj ykciv, pmilb eisseb, srewolf, tarb-yrot yop.
Ybbuhc ydit & taen, esoom & esuom-fram
! inigram eht esu, selggig, evets-nerak.

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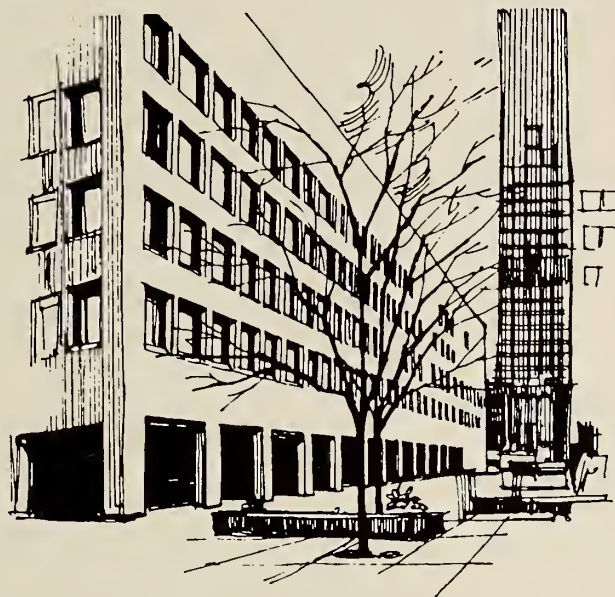
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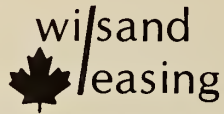


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"Pilot to bombardier:
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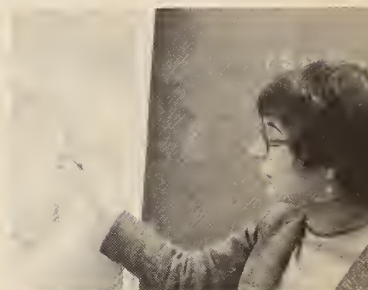
"I hope they
don't find me."



"Bombs away!!!"



"Girls, I'm pointing
to the map."



"C'mon, I dare you..."



"Yes,
I did it
myself!"



"Knit one,
purl two;
see, Math
IS fun!!"



"But Mommy,
I NEED a cookie, now!"

THIS WAS BRANKSOME '81-'82

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